Why Men Stars Are Conceited - Page 7

Movie Weekly

10c

Sept. 29, 1923

Should Happy Married Couples Ever Separate?

Will the Movies soon cost Two Dollars?

Allene Ray

EDWIN BOWER HESSER

Vol. III **MOVIE WEEKLY** No. 34
PRINTED IN U.S.A.

Coming

They've Done It

The Ku Klux Klan have made a movie that presents for the first time, as the K. K. K. sees it, the truth about the Klan.

It reveals the workings of the Invisible Empire and discloses how much good rather than evil is done by the secret organization.

Masked riders are seen riding out at night bent upon missions of justice, whether it's a man who has mistreated a woman, or one who has shamefully neglected those dependent upon him.

The members of the Klan are presented thus, as instruments of justice—punishing the wrongdoer and defending the weak.

You will read the inside story in next week's Movie Weekly.

On the news-stands Thursday!

And only ten cents!

Could we say more?

Contents

September 29th, 1923

PAGE

The Girl and the Ghost (Part (I) - - - - - - 3
By Robert Strange
Back to Back in the Movies (Pictures) - - - - 6
Are Men More Vain Than Women? - - - - - 7
By Regina Cannon
High Admission Prices Threaten Fans - - - - 8
By T. Howard Kelly
"I Never Forget I Was Poor," Says Lon Chaney - - 10
By David A. Balch
Confessions of a Movie Star's Husband - - - - 12
A True Story From Life
Photoplay Reviews - - - - - - - - - - 14
By Lewis F. Levenson
Frank Mayo—Alma Bennett (Art Series) - - - 16
Character Reading of Gloria Swanson - - - - 18
By Vincent de Sola
"Separate Occasionally, But Not Too Often," says Evelyn Brent - - - - - - - - - - - 19
By Grace Kingsley
"The Gold Diggers" (In Pictures) - - - - - 20
"Jazz Is Full of Sex," Says Kosloff - - - - - 21
By Grace Greenwood
Whispers From the Studios - - - - - - - 22
"The Virginian" (Part II) - - - - - - - - 23
By Charles Warnerby
Where Fan Meets Fan - - - - - - - - 24
In the Screen World of Fashion - - - - - 25
The Colonel Answers Questions - - - - - 26
Chit-Chat - - - - - - - - - - - 27

(All unsolicited manuscripts are submitted at the owner's risk, although every effort will be made to return those found unavailable.)

Published weekly by the MOVIE WEEKLY PUBLISHING CORP., 1926 Broadway, New York City and 166 N. Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, Ill., in the United States and Great Britain. August Schlarbaum, President; Wallace Hamilton Campbell, Secretary. Entered as second-class matter Jan. 20, 1921, at the postoffice at New York, N. Y., under the Act of Mar. 3, 1879. Subscription, $5.00 a year. In Canada—single copy, 15 cents.
(Copyrighted 1923 by Movie Weekly Publishing Corp.)

Scanned and Donated to Archive.org from the Collection of Darren Nemeth 2026

Beginning

The GIRL and the GHOST

Love!
A boy and a girl!
And a haunted house . . .!
The boy is poor, too poor even to love. His only possession is a House of Ghosts.
These are the chief elements of this spine chilling mystery tale. It will hold you from the first line to the last.

A fascinating love and mystery story of a boy, a girl and a haunted house

By Robert Strange

"WHAT in hell's the matter with this telephone? Say, operator——" Clickety, clickety, plopf!

A series of explosions spluttered and racketed viciously, spitefully, in the receiver and Bobby Culberson jerked it away from his ear with a yell.

"There's no occasion for you to use any such language," came the voice of the operator haughtily. "Merrivale four-r-r-r two seven o is busy!"

As Bobby replaced the hated receiver back on its hook, the habitually good-natured expression of his face was gone. He bore the aspect of a demon with a sore toe. Too wroth for further imprecation, he wrapped his dressing-gown about his scantily-clad frame and slouched across his bedroom—a "bachelor apartment" technically—and flopped dismally into an easy-chair.

A morning paper lay crumpled at his feet. With a glare of fury, he surveyed it, then kicked it with such effect that it sailed gracefully through the door and made a goal in the bathtub.

"Newspapers! Telephones!" he fumed. "Where's my cigarettes?"

With tantalizing effrontery, the telephone tingled again.

"Were you trying to get Merrivale four-r-r-r two seven o?" trilled the operator sweetly. "Well, here she is!"

"Helloa!" cooed then, a soft, golden voice—deliciously languid and gauzy.

"Good morning, Hetty darling!" shouted Bobby. the painful contraction of his eyebrows and lips relaxing. "How's my little sugarty-plumety this bright and beautiful?"

"Oh—oh, Bobby! Why, I'm still in bed. How ducky of you to call me so early!"

"Yes, love. Have you—er—did you—how—did you see this morning's papers?"

His floundering failed to warn her that something was coming.

"Why, Bobby boy! You know I never read those silly old things—except the divorce trials!"

"Oh, yes—that's right. Well, then, you haven't heard anything?"

"Heard anything about what?"

"About Uncle Tim's will?"

There was a pause, and when Hetty replied, there was a grace note of sharpened interest in her voice.

"Why, no! Tell me, Bobby!"

"He did what he threatened to do," explained Bobby soberly. "He left all his money to the missionaries to buy red flannel shirts for the African war chiefs, or something!"

"Oh-h-h!"

Hetty's tone began at one end of the musical scale and ended at the other. The pause that followed was the longest Bobby had ever encountered when he was talking with Hetty. And when Hetty did find utterance there was quite a new tone in her silken voice.

"How could your uncle cut you off with nothing?" she asked. "You are his relative—he had to leave you something. Why you could contest——"

"Yes," interrupted Bobby, shifting from one foot to another, "but he was too clever for anything like that. He did leave me something. He left me a worthless old house—all the papers are full of it this morning—a broken-down, unseaworthy old block house in the mountains of western Maryland. I couldn't get a thousand dollars for it. But it's mine, and that let's me out. I didn't get back from the lawyer's office in Albany, where Uncle Tim died, until late—that's why I called you up this morning."

Here Bobby paused, thinking it was time for a little soothing sympathy from Hetty. But Hetty's thoughts were in another direction.

"So you're just a poor man," she said crisply. "But tell me, Bobby—didn't you have another rich uncle, somewhere abroad?"

"Uncle Henry!" cried Bobby, screwing his features into wry knots. "Ugh! He's so rich he can call Rockefeller Johnny for short. But he disinherited me when I began to study medicine. He wanted me to be a business man. He's giving all his money away before he dies. No—I can't hope for anything from Uncle Henery!"

After another long pause, Bobby blurted into the transmitter: "Say, Hetty, for the love of Lulu, sympathize a little, can't you—pour a little salt water on my aching wounds, or something!"

It was a very tearful, saline sound which reached his ears:

"Bobby, I'm a woman torn between two great conflicting elements! Gerald Smith proposed to me again last night!"

"Gerald Smith! Why, you told me last week he was a shrimp, a jellyfish, and God knows what else. Why, Hetty——"

"Don't you dare call him names like that!" sizzled Hetty. "He is a perfect gentleman—and if his uncle had wanted him to go into business, he'd have gone, that's what he'd have done. Oh, you hard, cruel man, you. To call me up before breakfast and talk like this! I'm through with you! I could never be happy with a man like you. This has decided me! I'm going to marry Gerald. Goodby!"

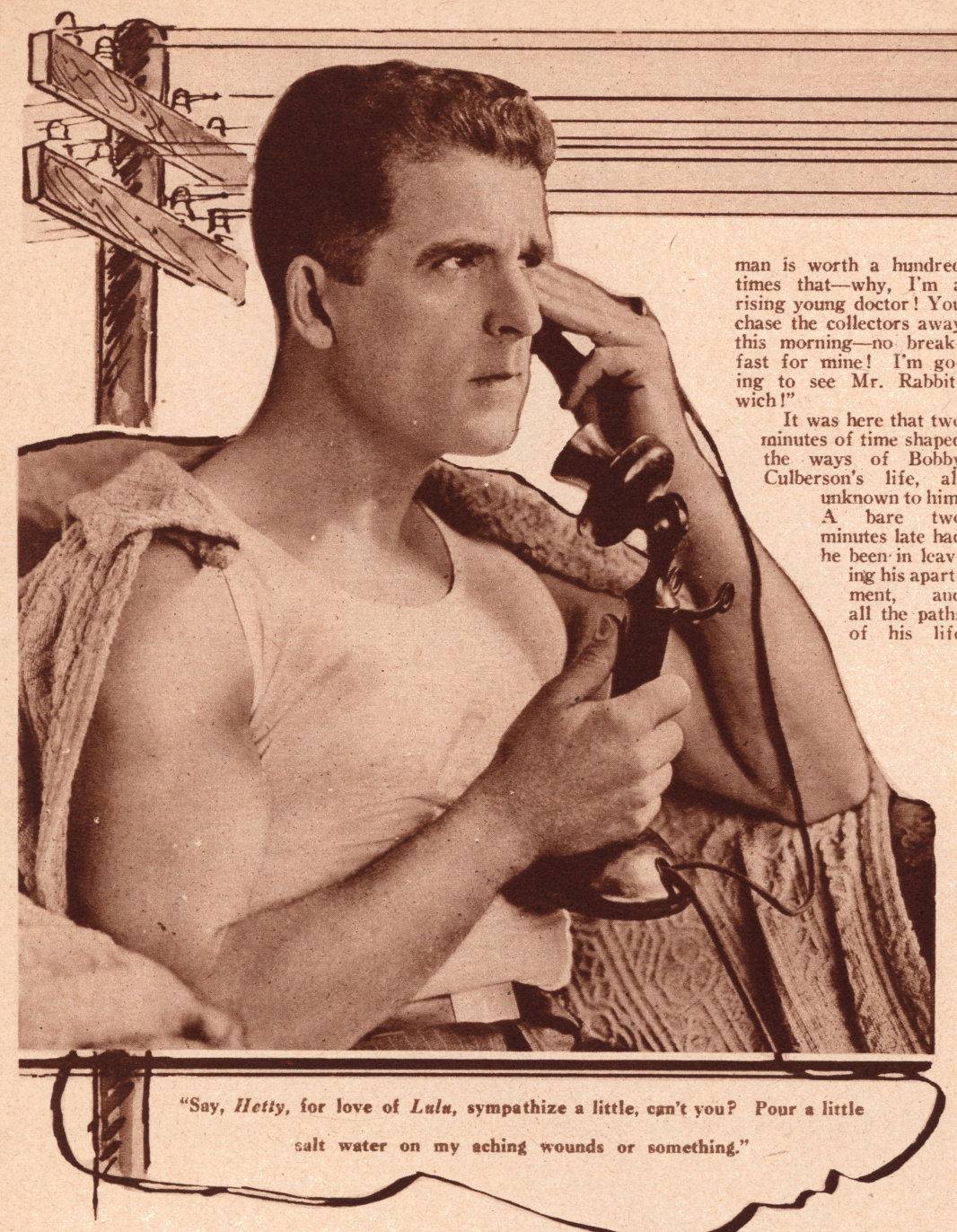
A DECISIVE click in that abominable receiver informed Bobby that Hetty had ended the conversation.

Decidedly flabbergasted, Bobby turned dazedly from the telephone to confront a dapper and grinning young man clasping a morning paper with which he waved a merry greeting. This was Hamilton LaSalle Jones. Bobby and his other friends preferred to call him Skip, for reasons which the most laborious investigation has failed to discover. He was about 25 years old, of exceeding great slenderness, tailored to the last crease, with pale face, cavernous eyes and enormous spectacles, rimmed in the latest horn. His air was habitually portentious. He was a young dentist, and he and Bobby had offices together in a small building downtown. In their offices, pinochle was more generally practiced than either therapeutics or dentistry.

"Greetings and felicitations and commiserations!" began Skip. "I've read all about it in the papers. Now I'll never collect all the money you owe me from pinochle—but say, Bobby, honestly, I'm sorry——"

"Skip, I'm jilted again!" groaned Bobby.

"You don't mean to say that Hetty Delton threw



"Say, *Hetty*, for love of *Lulu*, sympathize a little, can't you? Pour a little salt water on my aching wounds or something."

you down because you're broke? Ain't that like a woman! Take it from me, Bobby, and it's a mouthful, they're all alike. Every last one of them. Don't you care a jumping bean about that spoiled darling daughter of old man Delton—forget it!"

The telephone was tingling again. Bobby ran toward it with alacrity. He had visions of a repentant Hetty at the other end of the wire-but the voice that he heard was a bristling masculine, with an edge on it like a toothbrush.

"IS it Mr. Robert Culbertson, yes? Aha! Good morning! This is Mr. Rabinowitz . . . Rabinowitz. R-a-b-i-n-o-w-i-t-z, Rabinowitz Real Estate and Insurance. Yes! I see you got a house, Mr. Culberson . . . Aha! I can sell that house at a good figure. Yes! I was your uncle's real estate man . . . Oh, aha!"

"What do you mean—a good figure?" parried Bobby.

"Maybe twenty—maybe thirty—maybe fifty thousand dollars."

"Hu—what?"

"Aha! Will you come down queeck, and I'll tell you? No. 420 Church Street."

"With my hair in braids I'll be there!" shouted Bobby. "Oh! Oh!" He thrust back the receiver on the hook and faced Skip, flushed and astonished. "He says he can get me maybe fifty thousand dollars for that old shanty in the mountains. Skip, maybe the jinx is cocked. Fifty thousand dollars wouldn't listen so bad to Hetty, even if her old man is worth a hundred times that—why, I'm a rising young doctor! You chase the collectors away this morning—no breakfast for mine! I'm going to see Mr. Rabbitwich!"

It was here that two minutes of time shaped the ways of Bobby Culberson's life, all unknown to him. A bare two minutes late had he been in leaving his apartment, and all the paths of his life might have been changed. But Bobby was in a hurry, and so he gained, instead of losing, those two precious minutes. He and Skip were out of the house in less than five minutes after the real estate man had telephoned, for Bobby gathered his garments to his frame in great speed. And so, the grey-clad old man with the yellow envelopes got there two minutes too late to find him in. He rapped on the door until his old knuckles hurt him, and finally went away, after sticking a small yellow sheet of paper into the keyhole.

The office of Mr. Rabinowitz was on the seventh floor of the Church Street office building. Opening the door, Bobby found himself confronting a stenographer of regal coiffure and eyebrows, who chewed gum with an air, and gave him the up and down twice before asking his business.

"A man named Culberson to see you!" she yelled, shooting the gum from port cheek to starboard.

"Aha! Send him in, Mamie!"

Mamie struck a Nazimova pose, coiled around the northeast corner of her desk and pointed with a gum-soiled forefinger to a door marked private. Bobby went in. He found himself facing a short, stout, bald-headed man, with nervous, squinting eyes. Mr. Rabinowitz did his darndest to beam at Bobby.

"My dear Mr. Culberson," he gargled, kicking forward an oak chair with his foot. "You're the image of your uncle!" He seized Bobby's well-manicured hand in both his own, and they were flabby and coldly moist. "Have the chair. Aha! Now, Mr. Culberson, I am a man of queeck business. You would like to get feefty thousand dollars for that house?"

"I'll have you know!" Bobby assured him.

"It's haunted, ain't it?" asked Rabinowitz, with a sharp wink and a wise shake of his bold head.

"Haunted? What do you mean, haunted? There's no such thing as a haunted house!"

MR. RABINOWITZ spread wide his hands and wabbled his head, as one will commiserate over the tender innocence of a babe. Then an odd look crossed his countenance; his eyes narrowed until they were little slits, and he bent far forward, whispering:

"Ain't you nefer heard about the old woman on the horse?"

Bobby drew back resentfully.

"I've heard some such foolish old legend about that old shack!" he snapped. "But it's all rot!"

"Rot! Rot! What do we care, rot!" cried Rabinowitz reprovingly. "Good man, your house got to be haunted!"

"For what?"

"For feefty thousand dollars!" snapped Rabinowitz impatiently. "Look here!"

He spread before Bobby's displeased vision a copy of the morning *Planet*, the paper which had blazoned to all New York his own misfortune that morning. But that was not the item Mr. Rabinowitz had in mind. He turned the front page, and pointed to the photograph there of a dark, tall man, with flowing beard. Beneath it appeared the words, "Professor Alexander Salisbury, the distinguished investigator of psychic sciences, who has just reached America from his travels in Asia. He is here in the interests of the Society for the Investigation of the Supernatural. Professor Salisbury has announced that he will purchase the first authentically proved haunted house in the United States, no matter what the location, and establish his headquarters there while in America."

"Well?" asked Bobby as he dropped his paper.

"Well!" repeated the offended Rabinowitz. "Can't you see through a hole when it's got yet a stone in it? That old story about the woman and the horse is just what that professor would go crazy in the head about it. Aha! I just know he would pay feefty thousand dollars for that house. All you got to do——"

"But this supernatural stuff is the bunk," interrupted Bobby savagely. "There's no such thing as spirits. I'll bet my hat this Professor Salisbury, as they call him, is some escaped convict or lunatic! They're all either fakers or crazy!"

"Aha! All right! Sell the faker a fake haunted house, then. All you got to do is haunt it just a little, and spread around that old story about the old woman and the horse—and pfisst! Feefty thousand dollars!"

"What am I to do?"

"Go up there and live for a while. Then come back and say you couldn't stand it—too many ghosts—old woman on a horse. Aha! It gets in the papers—I fix that. And then around comes the professor with an offer!"

"How do you know he's got any real money?"

"The richest boobs in the United States is putting money into that society," said Rabinowitz solemnly. "If he is a faker, you shouldn't care—fake the faker—aha!"

THIS last emission of Mr. Rabinowitz's favorite ejaculation came as a result of a noise off stage. Mamie was arguing loudly, and almost blasphemously in the outer office. Suddenly the argument terminated in a scuffling that gave way to the sudden opening of the door and the appearance of a woman.

She was a gracefully slender woman, unbelievably well-gowned, and poised with the disdainful self-assurance that belongs to no one else on earth than a movie star. But she was veiled—and through the thick, silken meshes of that green veil

they could catch no tiny hint or glimpse of the loveliness it must have concealed.

"I wish to speak with Mr. Rabinowitz immediately," she said, coldly, proudly.

"I am Mr. Rabinowitz, my dear lady—but don't you see—can't you see—can't you wait outside—business is business—in a few minutes, lady——"

"I understand. But the occasion is a pressing one, and I know you will both forgive what seems to be an unpardonable intrusion. In fifteen minutes I am to take a train from Pennsylvania Station, so I must be quick. I understand, Mr. Rabinowitz, that you are the agent for a house owned by a Mr. Culberson, in western Maryland. I want to buy that house. I am willing to pay any reasonable price, and all I want to do now is to pay you a thousand dollar deposit—I will be in New York again within a week and complete the transaction."

FROM a hidden recess of her being she drew forth a crisp, crackling thousand-dollar bill and placed it just where Mr. Rabinowitz's puffy hand could pounce on it.

But it did not pounce.

"I am sorry," said Mr. Rabinowitz stiffly, "but I cannot accept your deposit. Come to see me next week when you come back and—maybe!"

He thrust his thumbs in the armholes of his vest, like a very important gentleman. The veiled woman swayed a moment, then leaned forward, in the pose of a crouching tigress.

"Why not?" she cried. "Why not? No one else is going to take it and——"

She glanced at the small clock on the real estate man's desk, and gasped. She had little time.

"There's trickery here," she said angrily. "You ought to be buying me tickets for the opera at the prospect of getting rid of that place. There's trickery here, but"—her voice was rising shrilly—"it won't work, I tell you—it won't work!"

She turned with an imperial air and strode from their presence, leaving Bobby and the agent staring at each other in dumb wonderment.

"What's up?" cried Bobby. "Is the house sitting on an oil well or something?"

Rabinowitz elevated his insignificant eyebrows and rubbed his nose, which was his way of thinking. Whatever his ideas were, he presently dismissed them.

"Go up there and haunt that house," he insisted, returning to his old line of attack. "Make people talk. Then we can sell that place for real money!"

Bobby was thinking hard. It might work, after all. The whole country was going wild over ouija boards and mediums—the scheme might work. The house did have a bonafide history, anyway. And with fifty thousand dollars he could go to Hetty . . .

"I'll go you," he said. "I'll go up there and haunt my own property. How do you get there?"

The incomparable Rabinowitz, who never overlooked anything, immediately handed him a time table.

THE ancient city of Frederick is perhaps the most lovable spot of beautiful western Maryland. Around it in a brooding circle sits a ring of blue mountains, wrapped in everlasting peace. Like guardian spirits they watch over the tiny city at their feet. So they have looked down upon it for two hundred and more years. It is a region where the love of God and man abides and the laws of both are obeyed. The people are a sturdy, upright, kindly folk, proud of Barbara Frietchie, whose bones crumble in its ancient burial place; proud of the bridge head where she waved a flag at the rebel captain; proud of the grave of Francis Scott Key, proud of her old railroad station—the oldest in the world, they tell you.

Of all the benign peaks in its circumference of blue ridges, there is none so hard-visaged, none so steep, as Shadrach, boldest and most rugged in the range. The origin of its Biblical name is not recorded. No one knows or seems to care why it is called Shadrach. Braddock's Height, nearby, was the scene of one of General Braddock's camps, but the salamandrin ancient from whom Mount Shadrach derives its appellation is nowhere stated to have visited those parts.

At the very summit of Old Shadrach, as the natives lovingly have called it, lo, these many years, was the house which the late Timothy Culberson had devised and bequeathed to his nephew, Bobby, his heirs and assigns.

Bobby's first glimpse of it came about four o'clock of the afternoon following his conversation with Rabinowitz. Accompanied by Skip, he had left the train, made judicious inquiries of the natives, and finally boarded a mountain-climbing car on Patrick Street and ridden over a beautifully picturesque roadbed up to Braddock. There they had gotten out, and proceeded to make their way up the scraggly side of Old Shadrach, having been told that the Culberson place was at its very top.

"How could your uncle cut you off without anything?"

As they emerged on a slender plateau, half way up the ascent, the house appeared, against a dark background of high forest. It was an oblong structure made of rough masonry in the manner of ancient times, and its aspect was unfriendly, not to say sinister, in its isolation. Alone it stood there, an angular, disagreeable old house without friend or neighbor. At least, that was the impression of Bobby and Skip as they looked up at it. Without overcoats they had come, and they stood, shivering slightly in the chill November wind, and observing the mansion they had come so far to haunt.

"Why on earth did your ancestors ever build a house up here?" inquired Skip in disgust.

"It's a queer story—why they did that, answered Bobby. "The old place is cobwebbed with superstition, anyway—and that's the only thing that will help us to get away with this ghost bunk. Come on—I'll tell you about that later!"

They walked on, and were about to turn the bend in the pathway, when someone came hurrying around the edge of the slope, running and panting. It was a very young and gloriously pretty girl.

"Louise!" gasped Bobby.

"Bobby!" gasped the girl.

She stopped abruptly and drew back, her first expression of undoubted pleasure as well as surprise, giving way to quite a different one. From Bobby to Skip she glanced, suspicion plain upon her oval face, glimmering unhidden in her violet eyes. And with the suspicion there was mingled a growing resentment.

"You're spying on me! You followed me!" she charged, drawing her breath in sharply, and taking another step backward.

"Why, Louise!" cried Bobby. "I didn't know you were in this part of the world. Good Lord, where have you been? What are you doing here?"

Her lips rewarded him with a disdainful smile.

"Still think I'm an infant, don't you, Bobby? Never mind! If you think you are here to interfere with me, you might just as well carry that bag of yours back to the one-horse station down in Frederick and buy a ticket to Broadway. I am going through with this thing!"

"Through with what?" implored Bobby.

"Please let me by!"

IT WAS Skip—saucer-eyed, harmless Skip, who didn't know what to make either of the strange girl, or of Bobby—who was barring her way. With alacrity he hopped to one side, as she came imperiously toward him, and as she passed on, he dutifully removed his hat.

Ignoring Bobby's pleas for her to remain, the girl suddenly resumed her running pace, and disappeared down the lower sweep of the mountain path. Bobby gave a tragic look at Skip; started to follow her, and then halted.

"That's Louise Lorne!" he said soberly. "The first and only girl I ever loved!"

"Ho!" cried Skip.

(*Continued on page* 28)

Back to Back~ in the Movies

Would a *Busch* with any back look just as sweet?

EDWIN BOWER HESSER

Is *Ena Gregory*, of *Century Comedies*, showing us the mole on her back?

EVANS

The nickel plated tooth brush will be awarded to the fan who can count *Dorothy Clark's* pearls correctly.

ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON

Is *Corinne Griffith* really as beautiful as she looks or is that merely a pipe dream?

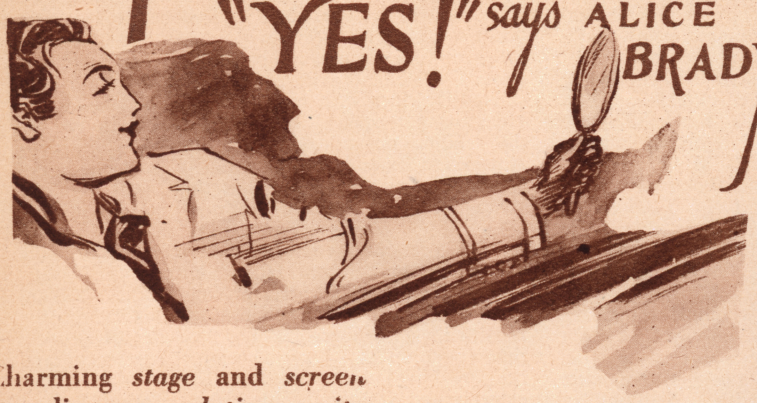
ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON

It looks as if *Patsy Ruth Miller* were in danger of getting the cold shoulder.

MELBOURNE SPURR

Are Men Stars more Vain than Women?

"YES!" says ALICE BRADY



Charming *stage* and *screen star* discusses *relative vanity* of *stern* and *fair sex*, and gives reasons *why men surpass women* in self-esteem

By Regina Cannon

FROM the time Narcissus, of the Greek myth, gazed into the sylvan pool and, beholding his image reflected on its placid surface, fell in love with it—to the present, when the 1923 Model Man glances with an air of supreme nonchalance into the mirrored chewing gum slot machine en route to the office, giving an appreciative glance to what is pictured therein—the male has impressed us as having a "corner" on the Vanity market. This, in spite of the saying—which from long usage has taken on the appearance of a truism—Vanity, thy name is woman!

We fell to wondering whether the movie actor of this Hip Flask Era is more vain than his film sister, and decided to find out from one in the "know"—one who has had the opportunity to study actors of both the stage and the screen at close range.

We flipped a coin to see who would be our victim. We decided that if it came heads we'd see Alice Brady, and if it came tails, we'd see—Alice Brady. By now you've guessed we *wanted* to see Alice Brady.

We visited her in the dressing room of the theatre where she is starring in "Zander the Great."

"Kind lady," we began without preface, "tell us about vanity and men—in the order named—if you please."

Miss Brady registered—not the alarm we had anticipated—but genuine interest.

"In the first place," she said, "excessive vanity is ignorance. You know, the things most people become vain about—personal beauty, achievements, power, etcetera—are very transitory."

The fair Alice paused and deftly applied a scented lipstick.

"As a matter of fact," she reminisced, "in the various people I have met in the theatrical profession who have accomplished anything, I have never noticed any undue vanity. As a rule they are very ambitious, and vanity, after all, is the death knell to progress.

"People who are clever enough to make a place for themselves in any profession or business," continued Alice with the wisdom of the sages of old shining in her glorious eyes, "are usually clever enough to realize their shortcomings and try to overcome them. Of course, in those who have become rich or famous over night, you will sometimes find intolerance, exacting demands and an inflated sense of personal value—but then one finds that in a *nouveau riche* in any walk of life."

Alice slipped into the little gingham dress she wears in the first scene of "Zander."

"Men," said *Miss Brady*, "are much more pompous than women."

Alice Brady and her young son, Donald, before her home in Great Neck, Long Island.

"Oh, dear," she said, glancing accusingly at her maid, "you've forgotten to mend the tear in this 'last word from Paris.' Well," optimistically, "it may not be seen — from the gallery."

"Miss Brady," we began anxiously, "you certainly handled this *vanity* business like an expert. Now please tell us something about men—remembering, of course, that anything you say may be used against you."

"Well," smiled Alice, "men are much more pompous than women."

"Ah," we gloated, *"Vive la Brady!* You're a woman after our own heart."

"WAIT," returned our hostess hastily, and we think we detected a mischievous gleam in her eyes, "they have reason to be. They have the assurance of the advantages of their sex. I envy them. It must be wonderful to be a man."

"Oh, heavens," we gasped incredulously. Imagine Alice Brady thinking it would be wonderful to be anything other than Alice Brady.

"So naturally," continued Miss Brady with conviction, "a man having reached the exalted pinnacle of stardom might be more self-satisfied than a woman, but as I said before, *excessive* vanity—for, after all, we are all entitled to honest vanity—is found only in the unthinking who will not stop to realize how easily what they are, or what they have accomplished, could be replaced."

So much for Miss Brady's views on vanity.

How High Admission Movie Patrons

David Wark Griffith, who was the first man to make a picture for which two dollars admission was charged.

Move to raise all *admissions* to *two dollars* is begun—Can you *afford to pay* this much to see a movie?

By T. Howard Kelly

TODAY a spectre stalks across the vision of millions of American movie fans . . . a spectre whose unwelcome shadow, spreading by the hour into the prophetic proportions of our dollar sign, may shortly block the way to our favorite picture theatre, and thus cheat us of the entertainment furnished by the silver screen. This time it is not the rabid threats of self-appointed reformers, blue-law societies, or censorious-minded moral cranks to close motion picture houses that is responsible for the ominous spectre of which I write.

From within the very heart of the film industry itself comes the foreboding shadow which may eventually blind our eyes to the imagery of romance and adventure that such persons as Rudolph Valentino, Lillian Gish, Mary Pickford, William S. Hart, Tom Moore and other stars weave upon the screen. It emanates from the plans sponsored by prominent producers and exhibitors to charge an admission fee of two dollars regardless of whether the movie theatre is in New York, or at Gopher Prairie.

Movie Weekly looks upon this attempt to fix a prohibitive scale of prices for motion picture entertainment as the most serious menace that has ever confronted the industry. In taking a positive stand against the two-dollar picture evil, this magazine is not unmindful of the fact that, occasionally, a feature photoplay is presented which is worth all of two dollars to witness. At the moment of this writing I have before me engraved announcements regarding the presentation of four big pictures to first night audiences on Broadway at prices above two dollars. If these pictures find the same popular favor with their audiences as did "Robin Hood," "When Knighthood Was in Flower," "The Covered Wagon," and others, those who pay the de luxe prices need not feel that they have squandered their lucre.

But then we must remember that persons who pay first night prices to see movies are the ones who support the moving picture industry. Millions of picture-goers, just like you and countless other readers of Movie Weekly, are the people who make picture production possible. And surely you and your family cannot afford to patronize the silent drama at two dollars per seat, two or three nights a week . . . or even once a week, if the family is large.

Down at Atlantic City, a few days ago, a meeting was held to discuss the scale of prices that should be put into effect by all distributors for the presentation of what they termed "unusual," or "super-films." Along Broadway, where thousands of dollars are spent nightly by pleasure-seeking persons who apparently feel no strings upon their purses, it has become a fixed habit for motion picture producers to lease a theatre for the New York premiere, and ensuing run, of screen plays alleged to be far superior to the average program picture—the kind supplied to movie houses in smaller cities, day in and out, like a ration of canned goods.

This habit of presenting such features in a special theatre established a precedent in the film business which has been swiftly emulated by almost every motion picture company, or producer in the game. David Wark Griffith is the man who started this idea with his epic "Birth of a Nation." He gave it a special Broadway run, followed by the sending out of regular road shows all over America. Famous Players-Lasky were not far behind the master director in this matter. Then all of the other producers followed suit.

YOU certainly remember how Doug Fairbanks opened his "Robin Hood" with a great fanfare at the Lyric Theatre in New York. William Fox hired a Broadway house for his "Over the Hill to the Poorhouse." "The Prisoner of Zenda," that romantic story of a beautiful princess and her toy kingdom, which Rex Ingram directed so cleverly and artistically, also rated a theatre along the gay Rialto. Of course Ingram's "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," made for the Metro company, played to a Times Square crowd for weeks as a movie de luxe.

Those of us who wanted to see these pictures in New York paid the high prices asked for seats if we could spare the cash (or not, in many cases).

Scene of *Lincoln's* assassination in *"The Birth of a Nation,"* the first movie to draw a two dollar admission.

Prices Threaten Happiness of

Of course, no one forced us to do so. If we had merely been seeking screen entertainment, we could have gone to any number of reasonably good pictures for the sum of a quarter or fifty cents. The super-movie, with its two-dollar seats, was offered on Broadway only to those persons willing to pay the top prices to view a picture. Had matters remained like this with regard to the films of this type only, there would be no danger today of millions of fans being cheated out of the opportunity to find happiness and pleasure as regular patrons of the silent drama.

UNFORTUNATELY the super-movie idea became too commonplace. That is why those who attended the meeting mentioned at Atlantic City proposed the fixing of a scale of high prices for all future pictures of an alleged "super quality"—a scale which would obtain in every city, village and hamlet of the United States.

This proposal, involving the advent of the two-dollar movie in seven out of ten productions, holds but one inevitable consequence for the millions who have come to find in the movies an inexpensive means of journeying into the lands of their own dreams and hopes . . . into distant places . . . and into cross sections of life which have been as closed books to them for years and years. Its materialization means that the great majority of fans would have to go without motion picture entertainment. It means that their pleasure, recreation, education, and amusement would be reduced to a minimum.

The coming of the high-priced picture is

Lillian Gish in *"The White Sister,"* a recent production, for which regular theatre prices are being charged.

bound to cheat hard-working men and women of a great amount of joy in Life; for the exorbitant prices of admission will prohibit these people from doing more than passing by a picture theatre, desire and envy mixing in their hearts, as they see those who can afford two dollars buying their tickets.

The film men who are advocating the fixing of a high scale of prices have made their positions plain. They want to present all pictures not absolutely admitted as program productions as "first-run" features in New York, Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia and other great cities. The price of admission at these original presentations would be determined by a comparison of prices charged for legitimate shows in the same localities. Whatever this price is it will be fixed as the admission charge to govern all presentations of the picture on the road, which means that wherever the picture is exhibited the same high price will be charged. The vital question raised by this movement to put the better class of movies out of reach of the masses is one which Movie Weekly finds crystallized in the anxious inquiries of hundreds of readers and fans.

"Are we going to have to pay two dollars for our future movies, or be forced to accept only admittedly cheap screen plays if we cannot afford two dollars?"

George Arliss and *Alice Joyce* in *"The Green Goddess,"* a new movie which draws a two-dollar top admission.

THIS question focusses the interest of the fans in the issue which is at stake. It is indicative of that fear, brooding in the hearts and minds of those who see in the advent of a two-dollar charge the enforced prohibition of an entertainment they learned to love as it progressed from a mechanical novelty to an art of power, and of personal influence in their own lives.

Personally, I doubt seriously that this attempt to make the motion picture theatre a rendezvous for those with long green rolls will be successful, inasmuch as it relates to the everyday scheme of things in picturedom. Certain individuals, like Mary Pickford, Doug Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin, the Talmadges, and companies like Cosmopolitan, which produced "Little Old New York," starring Marion Davies in a screen vehicle that called for the remodeling of an entire Broadway theatre, Famous Players-Lasky, Metro, Goldwyn, etc., will, of course, go on along their lines of producing a few outstanding pictures which will involve the spending of several dollars to glimpse. But the two-dollar movie for everybody and every place has not arrived, as yet. It is, as I have described it, only a spectre in the offing.

However, Movie Weekly, aware of the fact that as in many cases of history, the handwriting appears on the wall with swift, unexpected strokes, feels that those whom it serves, legions of movie fans, should be told of every effort within and without filmland that is likely to affect their own interests We cannot afford to sit by idly and hear storm mutterings without taking some precautions to meet the storm warnings. Things have a way of happening in a hurry these days. Consequently, preparedness is a virtue, and a weapon not to be despised, or ignored.

IF YOU are a regular patron of a certain motion picture theatre, it is because that certain house furnishes you with the type of screen entertainment that appeals to you. The man who operates this theatre values your patronage as he values the success of his business. He will hear his patron's side of the story before he will that of the interests which may, sooner or later, persuade, or attempt, to fix his scale of prices according to their money-making purposes.

Your story should be that of the patron who will be forced to remain out of his theatre if he co-operates with the producers and exchange officials who are desirous of saddling the public with exorbitant and unnecessary admission charges. By the time that the exhibitor figures the loss of your patronage, your wife's patronage, the patronage of your kiddies, and other members of your family, he will be figuring on the wrong side of his ledger. This will be sufficient argument for him to oppose any movement aimed at fixing a high price for admission to the majority of the pictures scheduled for presentation in his house.

Of course the exhibitor does not possess the power to tell a producing company, or a distributing organization, what either of these two concerns may charge as a rental for their film product. But, if these concerns insist upon a rental that forces the exhibitor to cancel his request for the

(*Continued on page* 30)

"I Never Forget That I

"Every time I spend a dollar," said *Lon Chaney*, "I appreciate it, for I remember well how hard it once was for me to make a dollar."

***Famous screen star,* called the man with a "*thousand faces,*" reveals his real self in an *exclusive interview* to Movie Weekly**

By David A. Balch

WE WENT up to meet him in his suite in the Hotel Commodore with that rarest of rare things in a reporter's life—a thrill. For we had felt the stark and brutal force of the man in "The Penalty," and marveled at the queer misshapen thing called Quasimodo in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame"—the greatest piece of screen acting that we had ever beheld. Would he, we wondered, be as fierce, as forceful and as awe-inspiring as we had found him on the screen?

He opened the door for us, a medium-sized figure in a brown dressing-gown, with shell glasses and a face that was still tanned from California suns; and the next instant he was shaking hands with us, with a pleasant, cordial smile and a simplicity that was quite winning.

So this was Lon Chaney!

He waved us into a chair nineteen stories above the sidewalk of 42nd Street and in a nervous, tense manner sat opposite and began to talk. We mentioned "The Hunchback" and the weird effect it had upon us. Its power had been uncanny. It was a strange, macabre figure that would haunt us indefinitely. How had he ever pictured him thus? Where had he got the idea for that outlandish, ghastly make-up?

Mr. Chaney smiled.

"From the book," he said simply. "The idea of doing the picture was an old one of mine and I had studied Quasimodo until I knew him like a brother, knew every ghoulish impulse of his heart and all the inarticulate miseries of his soul. Quasimodo and I lived together—until we became one. At least," he added quickly, "so it has since seemed to me. When I played him, I forgot my own identity completely and for the time being lived and suffered with the Hunchback of Notre Dame."

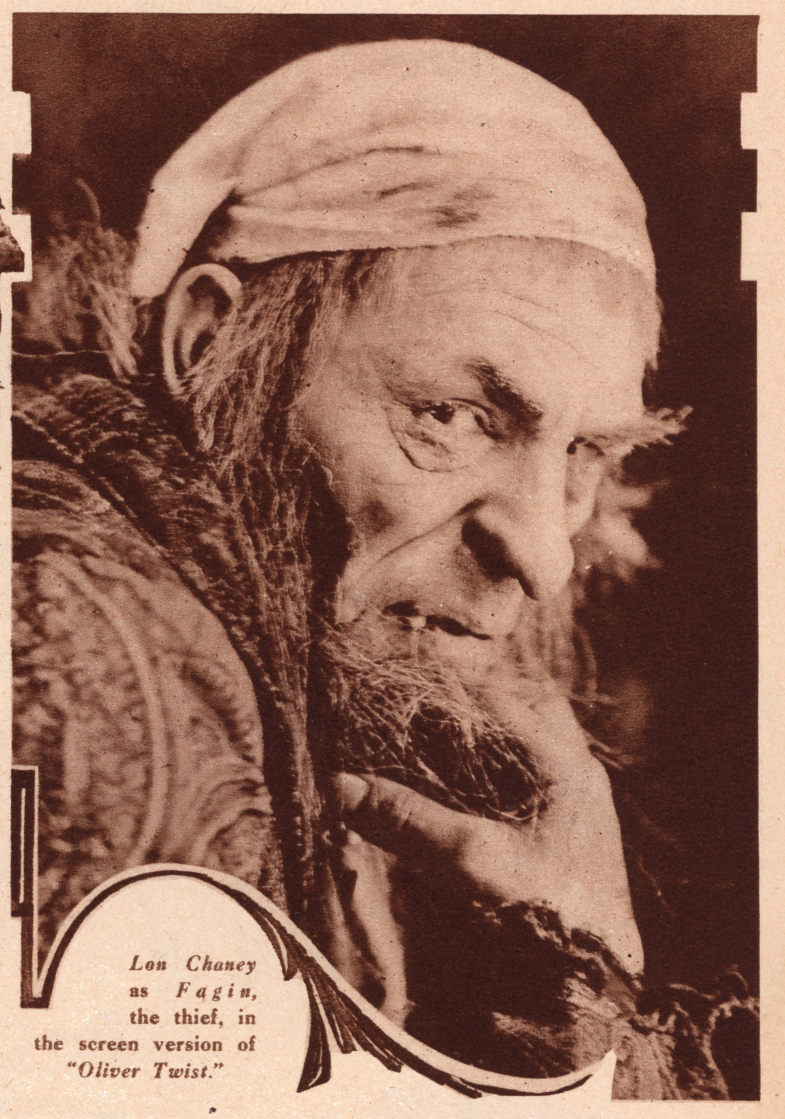
We listened acutely. The wonder of finding Lon Chaney, the man, so different from Lon Chaney, the actor, was still with us, and we sat assimilating this as, with rapid gestures, he talked the while.

No picture of him that we have seen conveys any accurate idea of what he looks like. In this sense, he might be said to photograph badly. His face is infinitely softer in actual life than it appears in his pictures, as indeed his whole appearance suggests more of the library than the workroom. In other words, on the screen he is the worker, whereas in real life he is the student.

At least, that's how he impressed us, and we had gone to meet him with only the image of his harsh and terrible screen characterizations before us. We found him immensely and delightfully different than we had expected, with a real gentleness in his manner that was as charming as it was surprising. Yet, back of it, disclosed in flashes while he talked, lay that tremendous power that we had seen disclosed on the screen. A hint of its secret was revealed, we thought, in what he told us of his early life.

"MY FATHER and mother," he explained quietly, "were deaf mutes. In this way, gesture—the movement of the hands—was always a thing of great significance to me. In the early days of pictures, I used to go and watch them and see a world of unrealized possibilities just in the field of gesture alone. All this time slowly within me was growing the desire to express myself in pantomime—even though at the time I was engaged in directing musical comedies on the West Coast."

We thought, as he told us this, that much of Chaney's terrific force, his inarticulate frenzies, were to be explained by the facts of his early life and his inheritance of all that others, near and dear to him, could not express. It was an illuminating thought and we beheld him with a new vision.



Lon Chaney as *Fagin*, the thief, in the screen version of *"Oliver Twist."*

Like Ernest Torrence, he came to the screen from musical comedy, where he used to do what he himself described as a "song and dance act." And like many another screen star with whom we have talked, he regards Chaplin as the peer of pantomimists and the greatest of them all. We don't know about this. Personally, we think Chaney's "Hunchback" will live longer than the

"I Was Once Poor," says Lon CHANEY

incontestably amusing antics of Chaplin. And why, really, shouldn't it?

"Were you always on the stage?" we asked after he had told us that the prima donna of his last musical show had curiously borne the same surname as our own.

He laughed softly.

"No," he answered. "I was a working man before that. I learned the trade of laying carpets."

The whipping scene in *"The Hunchback of Notre Dame,"* that shows *Chaney* at his best.

There was something fine about the admission and the further information that he was a charter member of the Stage Hands' Union. From the humble sphere of working with his hands—from the floor level, actually, of things—he had risen to great heights, as all who see the "Hunchback" will probably concede. And it hadn't spoiled him a particle.

"I NEVER forget that I was once poor," he told us earnestly, "and I was damned poor, too. There isn't a time now that I spend a dollar that I don't get every bit of enjoyment possible out of it, for I remember well how hard it once was for me to make a dollar."

We think that this is the keynote of Lon Chaney's character. Simplicity—the simplicity of a really big man, is his most striking characteristic, coupled with an energy that seems almost superhuman.

He has a wife out on the Coast and a boy of sixteen—of whom he is very, very proud. He showed us their picture with all of the interest of a young father with his first child. And it was nice to think that such interests in the man were not crowded out by the great success that has come to him, placing him, of all other screen players, the most particularly in a class by himself.

For those who haven't seen the "Hunchback," some idea may be conveyed of the character's weird and hideous power from the picture of the flogging episode that appears on this page. Chaney said it lasted eleven minutes and that at the end of that time he was exhausted and those who were watching him were in tears. For eleven minutes he had screamed and struggled in a demoniac frenzy of rage beneath the lash, while the camera had relentlessly turned on. The censors permitted only a portion of it to remain. But it is enough!

"Acting," Chaney continued after a time, "is mainly a matter of *thinking*. If you *think* the part you are playing, invariably you will portray it—accurately and with power. I've frequently told young actors who have come to me for advice, 'Do your acting in your head and forget about your body. If you *think* the man you are playing, you'll be that man—whether it's a bank president or a Chinaman.'

He smiled once more.

"I started playing comedy," he went on, "and stopped as many custard pies as anyone else. But always in me was the deeper urging to portray the more vital things of life, and this at length led me into the serious work which I've come since to learn was my field."

We thought of Quasimodo and the brutish, pitiable figure he constituted, and agreed with Mr. Chaney. He had indeed found the work for which he was most eminently fitted. And the world of dramatic art is the richer thereby.

We think he's a great actor but, greater than this, we think he's all that in the Army we used to say of those possessing qualities that would make them eligible for the Marines. And that is—ALL MAN!

Lon Chaney in the role of *Quasimodo*, *"The Hunchback of Notre Dame"*—his most fearful and awe-inspiring characterization.

I find my Wife Loved by Other Men

The third smashing instalment of "*The Confessions of a Movie Star's Husband*," the heart-baring human document of a man's marriage with a popular screen actress

What has gone before:

Is beauty worthy of every sacrifice? This is the problem posed by the writer of these confessions. He falls in love with and marries a girl whose greatest virtue is her beauty. She becomes a motion picture star. One day he enters their room and finds her in the arms of a man. He learns she is rehearsing, but is unable to cast off his conventional ideas and irritates her by his jealousy. He finally agrees that what appears to be daring to him is only acting and he returns home after Rosenstein has assured him that Vivian will be well taken care of by his wife. For three days the husband receives no word from his movie star wife. He telephones and is told she has gone to California. After a terrific struggle with his own desires, he determines to hold his wife's love. He turns over his affairs to a friend and starts out for Hollywood.

WHAT happened during the next year is very largely moving picture history; a great deal of it, that is. But the inner facts about Vivian have never been told.

I could cover pages of my impression about my first few weeks in the city of moving pictures. But nearly everyone who goes there does that—and if I were to set down my feelings, they would only be ill-tempered anyway, for I was a very much annoyed husband, and hadn't much use for the place.

I had good reason to be annoyed.

When I rapped at the door of Vivian's room in the hotel, I was smiling in anticipation of the surprise my unexpected arrival would prove to her. I had forgiven if I had not forgotten, her sudden flight. Since the day I had left her in New York until this moment I had neither seen her nor heard from her.

I was sure that I would find her glad to see me.

When she did see me, she did the prettiest piece of acting I had ever seen, on the screen or off. Her face was like a silver sheet itself; her emotions were actors running back and forth across her countenance.

She looked surprised, glad, and then pouted, then relented and put her lips up to be kissed.

It was a bit disheartening. I saw instantly what was the matter. Vivian was learning to be an actress. And she liked it so well, that everything was becoming artificial; she was acting all the time, in and out of the studio—and even when her husband chased her clear across the continent, her chief thought was how properly to convey the appropriate feelings through facial expression.

Fortunately, I had found her alone. I learned later how fortunate that was. Almost every moment of the day was subject to intrusion by the crowd that surrounded her.

How easily, though, my doubts of her were dissipated. She still did love me. There was no doubt of that. And she had not run off and left me. She had written me a loving letter, explaining how the production plans had been changed, making it necessary for the company to leave for Los Angeles overnight.

"I gave the letter to Rosenstein to mail," she explained. "Poor dear, he must have forgotten it!"

When we asked him about it later, he shamefacedly confessed that he *had* forgotten it. Out of his pocket he drew half a dozen letters, all of them written to me by Vivian while I was eating my heart out back home.

Is it any wonder that I hated Rosenstein?

BUT after the happiness of our first meeting passed off, things were not so pleasant.

I had the feeling of being greatly in everyone's way, Vivian's included. I had never felt so helpless or useless in my life. I was tolerated politely, but I fancied that all the various people I met were wondering why on earth I didn't go back to my home town and smoke my herrings in peace. They all found my smoked herring business amusing.

Vivian's time was greatly taken up. She had conferences with almost everybody in Los Angeles, it seemed to me. There was the question of clothes to be considered, and constant rehearsals, and committee meetings and luncheons and discussions—such a rubble-bubble that I couldn't keep up with it.

Besides, I was beginning to think things over. I gradually began to keep more and more out of the way. I had found things to interest my business tastes, and Vivian and I saw less and less of one another.

Rosenstein was around a great deal. He had sent his wife back to New York and he and Vivian saw a great deal of one another.

FINALLY, the first picture was finished; all the final details were arranged, and the film was released simultaneously in various parts of the country.

You all know what happened.

Vivian was a star overnight.

On the night that the studio people gave her the famous dinner, something happened that greatly altered my course of action.

In the dancing that followed, I had noticed that Vivian had almost sold out her dance card to two partners — Rosenstein, who was always hovering around, and her young leading man, Van Zant.

I am not a suspicious or spying sort of person, but when I saw young Van Zant lead Vivian out under a quiet bower of palms, I grew angry. I had no right to be, perhaps, but on this night of her triumph, I wanted Vivian to be shared a little with her husband.

Accordingly, I strode toward the bower of palms, but I stopped, in a startled panic, when I heard Van Zant's voice, young and suave and pleading:

"Come to me, my darling! I love you! Surely you know how much I love you! You can't love that husband of yours! It would be silly! You have seen life as it really is now. What can he

"I ain't a good-looking fellow," said *Rosenstein*, "but I got millions and I can make you famous."

Scanned and Donated to Archive.org from the Collection of Darren Nemeth 2026

offer you that I can't? Oh, Vivian . . ."

I knew *this* wasn't any rehearsal.

In spite of myself, I waited to hear what Vivian replied. Drawing back in the shadow, I listened intently, but all that I heard was:

"You mustn't do that! Stop! Someone is coming!"

Someone, in fact, was coming.

It was Rosenstein.

I decided to wait a little longer and see what would happen. By the look on Rosenstein's face, I knew a great deal. He was in love with my wife. And he was jealous of Van Zant.

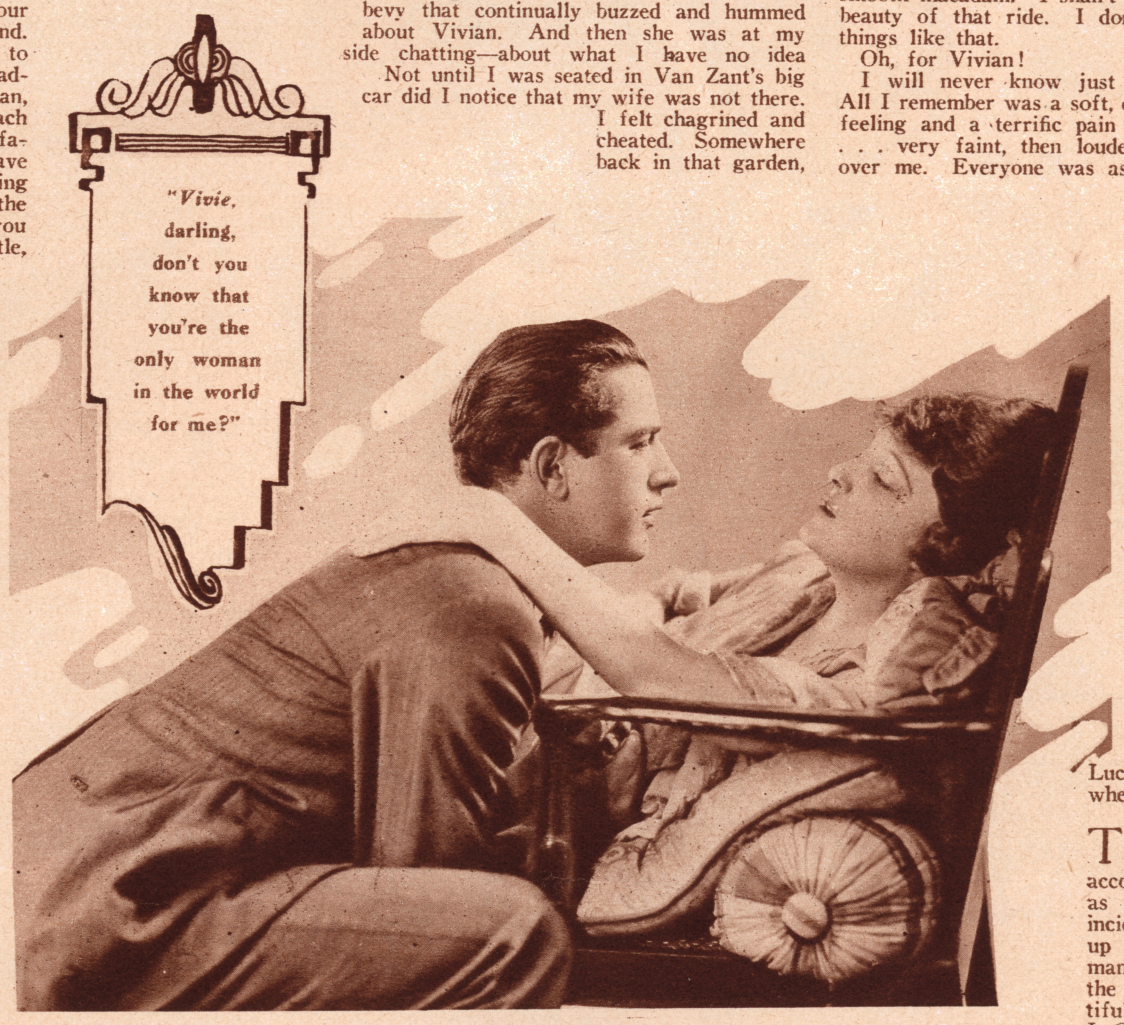
He stepped noisily across the flagstones of the balcony and parted the palms that covered the entrance to the bower.

"Vivian!" he said hoarsely. "I hope Mr. Van Zant will excuse you. I have something very important I want to tell you!"

There was a murmur of confusion, but Van Zant was not the man to oppose the producer who paid him his salary. He got up and went away, ungraciously enough.

Rosenstein wasted no time.

"I know, without you should tell me, that young fool was making love to you, Vivian," he said. "Now you look here. I ain't a young good-looking fellow. But I got millions. I can make you famous. I know already—you shouldn't have to tell me—you will get rid of your herring smoker husband. All right. I am going to get rid of my sick headache wife, too. Vivian, we were made for each other. I can make you famous. We will both have more money than the King of England. All over the world we can go. If you can love me just a little, I will be satisfied. I wouldn't be a mean husband to you. If you saw a young man you like—who am I that I shouldn't shut my eyes? We could be reasonable with each other, and enjoy life. Vivian, I love you. Let's get married!"



CAN you imagine my feelings as I listened to those two men making love to my wife?

To have seen my beautiful Vivian in the arms of two men in less than ten minutes was almost more than I could bear. They were not acting, and I knew it. They were serious. Each wanted her to desert me and go to him.

In misery I huddled behind those palms, trying to collect my scattered senses—trying to decide what to do.

Again I was so conscious of the fact that I was but a smoked herring merchant—a vendor of fish. Vivian's admirers were men of the world; blase connoisseurs of beautiful women. Their very livelihoods depended upon their ability to select women for their beauty and charm.

What could I do?

One thing was certain. I could not attempt to force Vivian to make a decision among us. There were two reasons for this. The first, and I think the dominating one, was that I was afraid. It would be horrible for me to go to her and tell her that her affairs must end, and then have her disregard me. I knew that that would be more than I could bear, moral coward that I was. And then, of course, I did not want to make her unhappy, despite her inconsideration for me.

In utter despair, I turned from the two there in the arbor—the woman that I now loved and desired more madly than ever, and Rosenstein, whom I now hated with a blind intensity. With delight could I have ground his flesh into a pulp, there in the soft, moonlit earth.

I had not heard Vivian reply to either of her ardent suitors, except to warn Van Zant that someone was coming. Even in this crucial moment, my tortured spirit grasped this tiny bit of consolation. Had I heard her tell either that she cared for him, I know I should have killed him on the spot, even though I had been reared to revere the Ten Commandments.

AGAIN I cursed myself, knowing well that the present state of affairs was directly traceable to my desire to have the world recognize my wife's beauty. What a fool I had been! If I hadn't been so stupid and blind, we might still have been living in quiet, home-like Baltimore, far from studios and modistes and directors. Vivian might have been absorbed by her home and Sunday School class; I by my smoked herring business. By this time there might even have been . . . But my imagination could take me no further.

A white figure was coming toward me, and a woman's voice was saying:

"Mr. LeClaire (they all called me that now), we're going for a moonlight ride. Don't you want to come along? I guess Vivian will be there."

I recognized Alice Brooks, one of the bevy that continually buzzed and hummed about Vivian. And then she was at my side chatting—about what I have no idea. Not until I was seated in Van Zant's big car did I notice that my wife was not there.

I felt chagrined and cheated. Somewhere back in that garden, I felt sure she and Rosenstein were together, perhaps in the very spot where I had left them. The thought was intolerable, and I was glad that no one paid much attention to me then. Certainly I was in no mood for the light badinage that passed among the occupants of the car.

And then Alice turned toward me.

"Mr. LeClaire, you'd better watch out for that pretty wife of yours," she warned me. "She has everyone in the company absolutely at her feet, including her director and producer." She continued seriously, "She has beauty and she really can act. I believe there is a wonderful future for her. I hope you are going to let her continue her career."

I mumbled something to the effect that Vivian was the mistress of her own desires.

But how I hated that word, "career." Yes, that was just what Vivian wanted, and for it she had cast me aside. I wasn't enough for her. She must have the adoration and admiration of the whole world. But I couldn't blame her, at that. Her phenomenal rise to popularity and fame had been enough to sweep any woman off her feet.

I maintained a taciturn silence toward Alice. She wanted to talk about my wife. I didn't. I hated talking to these strangers about my Vivian. They seemed to look upon her as public property, to be admired, admonished, criticised and discussed by everyone but myself. She was theirs. I was an interloper, an intruder. I had no business there.

Another thought recurred to me just then. Only that morning I had been looking into a business proposition that interested me extremely. From my fish business back in Baltimore, I had been able to put aside a little money, unknown to anyone. If Vivian could only love me as she had in the old days! The germ of an idea had taken root, but without my wife's love, there could be nothing.

Our long, low car rolled along under the California night; now dipping deep into a valley, now climbing out again. My aching heart seemed strangely out of place in the peace and silence of those open stretches. Even the noisy chattering in the car had died down. The only sound was the monotonous whirr of the hard tires against the smooth macadam. I shan't try to tell you of the beauty of that ride. I don't know how to tell things like that.

Oh, for Vivian!

I will never know just what happened next. All I remember was a soft, earthy bank, a stunned feeling and a terrific pain in my head. Voices . . . very faint, then louder, and Alice bending over me. Everyone was asking if I were hurt. Except for the pain in my head and a weak, dizzy sensation, I seemed to be uninjured.

They told me that when our chauffeur had attempted to avoid a dark object in the road, the front wheels of the car had struck a large, rough-edged rock at the side. The sudden jolt and the fact that I had been leaning well out on the side, had been sufficient to plunge me from the car onto the earth. Luckily I had landed where it was soft.

THE next morning the papers printed an account of the accident, as they called it. The incident had been played up in a rather strong manner because I was the husband of the beautiful and famous Vivian LeClaire. I was somewhat amused as I read about myself, especially as I was mentioned as having been the escort of the charming Alice Brooks. I wondered if Vivian would read about me.

I was up very early the next morning. To be sure my head still ached, and I felt rather stiff all over, but there was a business engagement to be kept. In fact, I was so absorbed by business, that for the time being I had ceased to think of Vivian.

So it was not until the afternoon that I went to see her. The clerk informed me that Vivian was seeing no one that afternoon. That worried me, so I determined to take things into my own hands. Avoiding the floor clerk, I managed to reach her suite. Fortune favored me again. The door was not locked, and I let myself noiselessly into her apartment.

(*Continued on page* 30)

Pola NEGRI Superb

Pola Negri and *Jack Holt* make ardent love to each other in *"The Cheat."*

Polish star triumphs in mediocre picture—*"To the Last Man," Buster Keaton's "The Three Ages"* and *"Where the North Begins,"* among other pictures reviewed by

Lewis F. Levenson

"THE CHEAT"

Pola Negri's Latest

Presented at the Rivoli Theatre, New York, by Paramount Pictures, with a cast composed of Pola Negri, Jack Holt, Charles de Roche, Dorothy Cumming, Robert Schable and Charles Stevenson. Directed by George Fitzmaurice.

"The Cheat" is the kind of picture that will make a lot of money.

This in itself is considerable praise, dependent, of course, on whether or not you are interested in art or in money. If you are interested in art, "The Cheat" will stupefy you. It will drug you with beautiful settings, beautiful clothes and a beautiful woman, but it will leave you without any semblance of artistic thrill.

In our cinema youth, in those early days when we still believed that the average picture—mind you, not the super-feature—might be a thing of joy, artistic value and entertainment, we also believed that whatever Pola Negri would appear in would be great.

Her two American releases have disproved that old belief of ours. "Bella Donna" was merely junk, so far as its story and acting are concerned, and "The Cheat" is just old-fashioned and empty melodrama. Miss Negri herself, however, is superb. We still hope to see Miss Negri in a great picture again. We still hope to be amazed at her charm and enthralled by her acting as we were in "Du Barry," and "One Arabian Night." But we feel sure that we must wait until Miss Negri either makes pictures for herself, or goes back to Germany. And with marks at their present low level, there is little hope that she will quit our shores soon.

Jack Holt is her leading man in "The Cheat," which tells of the vengeance of a Hindu who has once been vamped by a rich American girl. Jilted, the Hindu brands the lady, a scene which created a furore at the time that Fanny Ward first filmed "The Cheat."

"The Cheat" bears that worst of all stigmas: It is just a movie.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

"THE THREE AGES"

Buster Keaton Extends Himself

Presented by Metro Film Corporation with a cast composed of Buster Keaton, Wallace Beery, Margaret Leahy and others. Directed by Buster Keaton.

Brevity is also the soul of screen comedy. We are one of those who count ourselves among the admirers of Keaton comedies. We really don't care a lot for Mr. Keaton's habit of keeping his face frozen in the expression of an undertaker, but we have always admired the freshness of idea noticeable in his comedies, and have been amused thereat.

Not so with "The Three Ages." Mr. Keaton must forsooth graduate out of the class of two-reel comedians. He must follow Chaplin and Lloyd into the realm of features. He might have succeeded, but in "The

Just as he is about to throttle lovely *Lois Wilson, Ernest Torrence* finds his arm seized by *Richard Dix* in *"To the Last Man."*

in "The CHEAT"

Three Ages" he committed the worst fault we can find with any movie, play or novel. He wrote, or had written for him a story which consists of three separate stories taking place at various times. We see thus a caveman making love, a Roman making love, and a modern youth making love. So far, so good. But when a story begins and the plot must be reviewed three times against three different settings, with only a few not so laughable gags interspersed between the episodes, the poor reviewer can only weep instead of laugh.

Of course the chief serious criticism of this sort of plot is that it lacks suspense. When one has seen the first episode the others become a bore. Mr. Keaton would have done better to have filmed three two-reelers instead of this six-reel feature.

Margaret Leahy plays opposite Mr. Keaton. We now understand why Miss Leahy has returned to Europe. She should have stayed there in the first place.

In *"The Three Ages,"* *Buster Keaton* plays a big, rough cave-man—but the cave-woman is rougher.

"Where the North Begins" has some moments of charming comedy—comedy, that is, for all save the youngest member of the cast.

The football game toward the conclusion of this picture is admirably directed. There aren't many laughs in it, but we could follow the ball much more closely than at any real football game we have ever seen. Stick to two-reelers, Mr. Keaton.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

"TO THE LAST MAN"

A Six-Shootin' Whopper

Presented by Paramount Pictures at the Rialto Theatre, New York, with a cast composed of Richard Dix, Lois Wilson, Noah Beery, Robert Edeson, Frank Campeau, Fred Huntley, Edward Brady, Jean Palette, Leonard Clapham, and Winifred Greenwood.

We haven't forgotten the story of the producer who would sit in at the "rushes" of his own westerns, and when the projection machine operator was about to show the second reel, would shout:

"Whoa, Sam . . . that's enough!"

Then to his director:

"Good stuff, Ed . . . good stuff! But you haven't made enough of them bite the dust. Make 'em bite the dust, Ed. That's the way to make a winner. Make 'em bite the dust!"

They bite the dust in "To the Last Man," which is a whole-souled thriller of the days when men were men and we suppose bullets were bullets. And after seeing it, we don't doubt that the producer of our story was right. Although this Zane Gray story is of a feud which follows the course of most feuds, it holds the interest because most everyone in it bites the dust as if he enjoyed it.

Here the locale is that of Arizona, quite a distance away from the hills of Kentucky or the blue grass mountains of Virginia. But the process of "feudsing," if we may coin a word, is the same the world over. Everyone shoots at everyone else, until eventually only two of the original feudist families are left. These two are naturally enough for movie purposes, a boy and a girl. They fall, with gleeful simplicity, in love with one another. And so the romance ends.

Richard Dix and Lois Wilson hold up the honors of the story very well and our two old friends. Robert Edeson and Noah Beery, give more of their genuine talent to the creation of sound human types.

The direction is all that could be asked for from Victor Fleming.

If you like your shooting straight, see "To the Last Man."

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

"WHERE THE NORTH BEGINS"

Learn From the Dog, Thou Star

Presented by Warner Brothers at the Capitol Theatre, New York, with a cast headed by Rin-Tin-Tin, the famous police dog. Directed by Chester M. Franklin.

Rin-Tin-Tin, the famous dog actor, is the guiding star of this production, everything about which you may guess from the title. It is another of the chilling films which are so often released during the hot summer months, in the hope that fans will enjoy looking at pictures of snow and ice.

We rather doubt the efficacy of getting cool by the picture process, but we have no doubt of the efficacy of Rin-Tin-Tin's acting. This German police dog, brought to the United States shortly after the war, possesses uncanny intelligence, and

(*Continued on page* 30)

FRANK MAYO
appearing in
"Six Days"

ALMA BENNETT
appearing in
"Call of the Canyon"

Gloria Swanson possesses great Sex-Magnetism says DE SOLA

Character expert examines features of screen star and finds reasons that account for her enormous popularity

By Vincent de Sola

Gloria Swanson

CHARACTER READING: *This is a face of restless, seeking character, easily discontented, yet always hopeful. There are many contradictions present, but the definite presence of magnetism and strong sex-attraction is indicated. Capability is marked, and sympathy, intuition, and curiosity are likewise shown.*

MISS SWANSON'S face is by no means an easy one to read. I even hesitate to attempt to summarize her dominant traits in the short character reading with which I usually preface these articles, for her contradictions are so many, and her conflict of temperament so marked, that it is not entirely accurate to declare her a woman of simple, certain, character outlines.

Her features no sooner affirm a trait than they deny it with some shading elsewhere. She is highly mutable, varied, and interesting. For instance, the set of the eyes and the peculiar relationship of the lips suggest the person desirous of the utmost privacy, imbued with a love of reserve. In the slightly suggestive chin and the contours of the brow, however, there is indication also of a wish to live in the limelight of fame, to be noticed, known, and admired.

But dominant traits there are, for without them no person can succeed greatly in a world which demands persistence and intelligent focussing of forces. I see in Miss Swanson's forehead, and in the even proportions of her features, if not a perfect balance, a perfect practicality. This acts as a check upon the nature. Under the tight rein of this practicality she drives the steed of her own volatile temperament.

Backing this, is the presence of a very striking sex-magnetism. The lucent eyes, set with a slightly oblique lift, and the vivid mouth are indications of one who will always attract love, apart from any traits in the character *per se*.

"Deep as is the instinct for love in her personality," says *de Sola* of *Miss Swanson*, "her mind is actually somewhat cold."

IT IS the practicality in Miss Swanson's face which has enabled her to employ her magnetic appeal so profitably, and it is her appeal that has kept her in the full prominence of an always fickle public, anxious for new faces as a jaded *bon vivant* seeks new flavors.

And now for Miss Swanson's character, as I see it by a reading of her features: that character so varied, so contradictory, and so essentially individual.

I have said that she is one who will always attract love. Possibly this is because she is capable of giving love greatly. Yet in spite of this, in spite of the quick, maternal instinct omnipresent in the face, there is nothing apparent here of the domestic person. She is too restless to be tied by any routine, and her energies must be poured forever into new and diversified endeavors.

ALSO, the observant eyes, for all their ability to believe with ardor, show the presence of prompt disillusionment. There is a seeking and dissatisfied note in the face, as if this were one who desires with the heart things that her mind discards as of little worth.

The nose is of the curious type: she would be interested in the smallest details regarding people or things that interested her. Her features show signs of the person who loves adulation and will do much to secure it. With enough introspection to understand herself and weigh herself accurately in private, she enjoys living in an illusion which she herself knows is only a figment and which relies chiefly upon the praise and flattery of others. Thus we have the odd contradiction of the dual personality which is at once vain and modest.

The seeking aspect in her face, carried out in eyes, nose, and chin, is probably responsible for a certain restlessness present. This is an individual who requires a life of contrasts, who, living in the midst of activity and ceaseless effort, longs for peace and quiet; and who, having been granted for a moment that same peace, longs instead for feverish activity.

She has no broad general humor in the usual sense, but she has what is commonly referred to as a keen eye for the ridiculous. Only in this field, the field of sharp incongruities, would she find opportunities for amusement. Life is serious to her, though not tragic. Although there is little indication of philosophy in the face, she is nevertheless one who can throw off with completeness

(*Continued on page 29*)

"Separate Occasionally but not too often." says Evelyn BRENT

Popular young *screen beauty* discusses *matrimony* and lays down rule that will probably ensure *happiness*

By Grace Kingsley

SHE trails right along with Fanny Hurst, does Evelyn Brent, when it comes to believing in marital vacations—in married couples living together only occasionally.

Miss Brent lately became the bride of B. P. Fineman, picture producer, and she has as decided opinions as most young people have.

She hastens to add that her husband agrees with her.

"Sure you aren't just making the best of necessity?" I asked.

You see, Fineman's business is in New York, while Miss Brent's is in California.

"No, we are very, very much in love. My husband is wonderfully unselfish. But we are really happy seeing each other just once in a while. Not that we shouldn't get along nicely if we saw each other all the while. I'm sure we should. But we cannot manage it at present. And in the meantime we keep right on adoring each other.

"I believe in separation," she explained, "but not too much. That doesn't do, either. There is some truth in the satirical remark that 'Absence makes the heart grow fonder—of the other fellow.'

"However, I believe it is better to be separated when both are working out in the world. I was married two days when I left New York to come to the Coast and work in pictures. I didn't see my husband again for many weeks.

"But as I was saying, I believe in husband and wife separating at least a part of the time when both are having careers. Both get irritated with worldly troubles, and the wife thinks, 'He doesn't know how tired I get,' while the husband is thinking, 'She has no consideration for my weariness.' Both should have separate apartments where they can rest away from the whole world when not engaged in exacting business or professional toil.

"But when neither is working, or when one of the pair isn't, it is not wise to be separated, I think. Consolers of both sexes are always hovering about.

"I think Americans should marry Americans. I do not think that foreign alliances can ever be particularly happy.

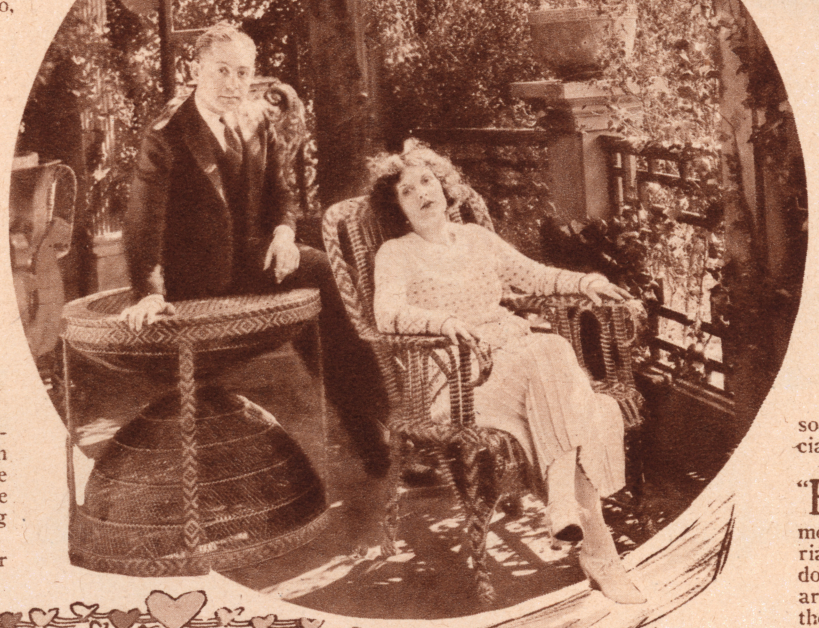
"Every woman should have children. I should hate to think I should grow old and not have had at least one child.

"And I think everybody should be married. It is the normal way to live. It makes one less selfish to have to think of somebody else's comfort and convenience.

"Personally I wouldn't marry a man who hadn't always worked. I don't like sons of rich families. They are too selfish, too irresponsible. You find many boys, sons of English aristocratic families, who are almost imbecile.

"As I said before, I think everybody should be married. But not too obviously! We are all so obviously married in this country. On the continent in Europe, you don't know whether people are married or not. Married couples are not so jealous of little things. It is the individual first, with them, and marriage afterward. Here there is to much of 'my wife' and 'my husband'—too much conscious and jealous possession, and to what end? Family life is happier abroad than here, I believe, on an average."

Evelyn Brent left her husband two days after their wedding—to go to work.



Evelyn Brent and *B. P. Fineman*, a marriage of art and capital.

Miss Brent recently worked for two years in European pictures or in American pictures made abroad. In that time she studied the life of the people in England, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Spain, and other countries, and she has keen and thoughtful observations to make of the foreign women, and of the foreign men.

Of all foreign men, the Italians are the most fascinating, she declares. She thinks that Italy is just full of Valentinos if American producers would trouble to hunt for them.

"The Spanish men," she said, "look somehow unhealthy. The children, too, are pasty. This takes away from their charm and attractiveness. I don't believe in marriage with other nations much, so far as happiness is concerned, but I do believe that too much inter-marriage is not good for the race. The Spanish people would be hardier, more vital, with a little admixture of foreign blood, I think."

The status of women in France is changing, says Miss Brent, socially as well as politically. Especially since the war.

"FRENCH women," she explained, "are now receiving their own dowry money when they are married. Marriages of convenience, too, are being done away with. There is a new camaraderie between men and women of the upper classes.

"Spanish women, on the other hand, remain in exactly the same position they have always been. A Spanish woman of good family would never go to a cafe even with her own husband, and a Spanish girl cannot even speak to a man on the street unless her duenna is with her.

"The women of Spain are very sweet, very kind, and rather pathetic. You don't dare admire anything in Spanish homes, because if you do the owners will insist on making you a present of that which you like. One of our company of players, when we were in Spain, had this fact borne in upon him when he inadvertently admired a goat belonging to his host. He had an awful time dodging having that goat bestowed upon him!

"I was a bit luckier. I chanced to admire a shawl—a beautiful thing three hundred years old—before I knew that it would be pressed upon me. But even when I found that out—well, I must admit I didn't try to refuse it. After that, though,

(*Continued on page 29*)

"The Gold Diggers" Dig deeply

The story of a *girl* who "*worked*" *men* for all she could get.

I.—ABOVE—*Jerry*, (*Hope Hampton*), is a chorus girl who "works" men for all she can get. She promises to help along the romance of her friend, *Vi* (*Anne Cornwall*) *and Wally* (*Johnny Harron*), a young millionaire.

II.—*Wally's* father, (*Wyndham Standing*), not knowing *Vi*, threatens to disinherit his son if he marries her. *Jerry* invites him to her apartment.

IV.—LEFT—But *Lee* falls for *Jerry* himself and proposes. Though she is really in love with him, *Jerry* continues her pretense and refuses him.

III.—LEFT—She pretends to be a bold, bad vamp, and tells *Lee* she loves his son and has stolen him from *Vi*.

V.—LEFT—But, after days of heartache for both of them, *Lee* finally returns, to find the real *Jerry*, weeping on her mother's shoulder and not really frivolous at all.

VI.—And so, finding happiness in his own love, *Lee* gladly consents to his son's marriage to *Vi*, and hastens his own to *Jerry*.

"JAZZ DANCING full of SEX!"

Says KOSLOFF

Famous Russian dancer discusses popular mode of "_stepping_" in _America_ and deprecates _low tone_ of such

By Grace Greenwood

MODERN jazz and shimmy dancing are full of sex suggestion. They are both decadent.

So says Theodore Kosloff, Lasky picture star and probably the best-known Russian dancer in America, as well as the teacher of all the picture stars, from Mary Pickford down, in the art of classic dancing.

"There is neither art nor beauty in the disgraceful contortions of so-called 'dances' that men and women indulge in in some of our road houses and cafes. Such vulgarity is not art and it is wrong to call it dancing."

So there, you flappers!

He has played such wild roles in pictures, has danced such hectic ballets on the stage, that you probably imagine Kosloff an exotic person, living in a Bohemia amid futuristic painters, wild-eyed coryphees, parlor Bolshevists, and advanced lady authors with bobbed hair and horn-rimmed specs, who love to gather around the juice of the forbidden fruit at their cheap table d'hotes and discuss their favorite theories.

But you are all wrong. Not your groceryman out of hours, not your middle-aged lawyer after a hard day's work, is more domestic than Kosloff.

It was in that beautiful, rambling old house in Hollywood, which Kosloff recently bought and renovated, with its great trees and charming lawns and flower gardens, in company with his wife, in the big drawing room which combines home-like qualities with rich display of unique objects of art, that the dancer talked to me about this subject of sex manifestation in dancing. Mrs. Kosloff, sweet, hospitable, warm-hearted as only Russian women are, sat by and nodded approval of her husband's ideas, or broke into the talk with some idea of her own, while Mlle. Fredowa, premiere dancer and head teacher in the Kosloff school of classical dancing, occasionally offered a suggestion from the depths of a big chair where she had gracefully disposed herself.

"Even the wild *African* dances are devoid of sex suggestion," says *Theodore Kosloff*.

"Why," exclaimed Kosloff indignantly, "even the wild barbaric South African dances, in which the natives are stark naked, are wholly without signs of sex suggestion!"

He is very much in earnest over the matter, no doubt of that. And when a Russian is in earnest, you know it. He walked up and down the room for a moment. But, though wonderfully active, he doesn't waste energy; he is too well poised for that. So in a moment he sat down opposite me, drawing his chair close and contenting himself with gesticulating occasionally. A Russian cannot discuss even the weather without getting a bit excited, so there was concentration of earnestness in his tones in talking of this matter, which is near to his heart. I cannot possibly reproduce his delightful broken English.

"Great Britain, for all her reserve and her tradition, is being swayed by a wave of American jazz and dancing, the shimmy and the fox trots. These may have originated in Africa, but they were cleaner in intent and in effect than these social dances in which our people indulge.

"There is also the Apache dance, which prevails in the slums of Paris, which is very, very bad. It is commonly known that this is a dance of the sexes and has nothing to do with art. It is purely a dance of passion executed by the lowest type of degenerates and desperadoes of Paris.

"The Greeks realized more than any other of the ancient nations the idealistic side of dancing, and placed it on the level with music, poetry and

(*Continued on page 30*)

'Real dancing is as much a sport as golf and tennis,' *Kosloff* believes.

WHISPERS FROM THE STUDIOS

by The FILM FLAPPER

Colleen Moore Marries

So Colleen Moore is now a bride! She was married to John McCormick, rising young official of the Associated First National, at Los Angeles, on the evening of August 18th, with only the members of the two families in attendance.

Miss Moore has been engaged to McCormick during the past two years. The official announcement, however, was made only about three or fo months ago.

The pair took a short honeymoon trip, and then Miss Moore returned to her film work, and McCormick to his desk. However, they are planning to take a trip to Europe next year.

◈ ◈ ◈

Will Frank and Dagmar Separate?

Here's a pretty kettle of fish! Dagmar Godowsky, back in New York, says she is going to divorce Frank Mayo, out in California. Frank Mayo declares he knows nothing about any such thing—that his wife merely went to New York on a vacation, and that he is expecting her home any day.

Besides, say the lawyers, the marriage having been performed in Mexico, following Mayo's divorce, the pair will have to be divorced in Mexico.

Frank Mayo and his exotically beautiful wife have been considered one of the most devoted couples in Hollywood. However, both are rather fiery-tempered, and have had their little spats, always, however, making up with much kissing. None of their friends has ever considered there was any serious trouble between the two.

◈ ◈ ◈

Kleig Eyes for Buster, Jr.

Poor little baby Buster Keaton—Buster, Jr.! He is suffering from Kleig eyes as the result of appearing in a scene of Keaton's current comedy. Work was suspended on the picture until the little Keaton heir regained the use of his bright eyes.

Naturally both papa and mamma Keaton were terribly upset. Especially as there was a bit of unkind criticism of the usual sort which the envious love to indulge in.

"Naturally Buster was so proud of the baby, he wanted the whole world to see him, particularly as I was in the cast, too," said Mrs. Keaton. "We had never intended him to work as a regular thing, of course."

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

A Wife All the While

Now that the word has leaked out that Marie Prevost has been married during the past five years, while all the time the Cupid hounds were trying to engage her to somebody, everybody in Hollywood is digging up the rest of the hidden wedding rings, and it is averred by those professing to know that Phyllis Haver was wed at about the same time as Miss Prevost. Miss Haver denies it—but then so did Miss Prevost at first. It seems that they were more successful concealing their marriage than they were concealing their curves, in the good old bathing beauty days.

Marie Curtis, swimming champ of the movie industry, wears this costume in *"Poor Men's Wives"*—a good way for a poor man's wife to economize.

Off the Map

True to her England, Ruby Miller, well-known London actress, now in Hollywood appearing in pictures, just can't keep from noting little criticisms of us.

Louise Fazenda was a guest at a dinner party where Miss Miller was present, not long ago, and had been listening attentively to some of Miss Miller's more or less sarcastic remarks about our country.

Miss Miller had just told some incident connected with her recent tour of South Africa, and had alluded to that country as "out there," as she did also to other countries.

"Why do you always say 'out there?'" asked another guest.

"Oh," Louise laconically and drawlingly answered for Miss Miller, "because, dearie, any place that isn't England is 'out!' Don't you see?"

◈ ◈ ◈

Mary Miles Minter Talks

The mysterious Pasadena friends with whom Mary Miles Minter has been staying turn out to be Mr. and Mrs. Philip Hearn. Hearn is a scenario writer and Mrs. Hearn was formerly a dancer, and is a niece of Gertrude Atherton, the noted author. These friends express great sympathy with Miss Minter.

It is declared by friends of Miss Minter that her break with her mother will never be mended.

"She has always adored her grandmother," said these friends, "but she and her mother have never been very harmonious. When Mary first went into stage work, her grandmother mortgaged her little plantation in Louisiana to provide the wherewithal for Mary's mother and Mary to travel to New York for the purpose of searching for golden opportunity. Since then, Mary herself, grateful to her grandmother, has paid off the mortgage, and her grandmother still owns it."

Miss Minter has many offers to go on the stage, including an offer for the Follies and for Keith vaudeville.

Louis Sherwin, writer, to whom Mary Miles Minter admitted she was engaged some time ago, is now in New York. He has obtained a divorce from his wife. Friends of Miss Minter's say that she will not be long herself in traveling east.

The SCHOOLMA'AM comes to Medicine Bow

The second arresting instalment of *"The Virginian,"* as picturized by *Preferred Pictures, Inc.*, from the novel and stage play by *Owen Wister* and *Kirke LaShelle*. Fictionized from the fascinating screen version

By Charles Warnerby

The action thus far:

A new school ma'am is on her way to Medicine Bow. The Virginian and his cowpuncher friend, Steve, round up their steers and go to town to meet her. They arrive at the river as the stage in which she is traveling begins to ford the stream. Old Bill, the driver, is drunk and the stage is careening dangerously. They ride into the river and take her from the stalled stage. Her name, the Virginian learns, is Mollie Woods.

THE word that the new school teacher had arrived in Medicine Bow spread like wildfire over Judge Henry's ranch. The cowpunchers, to whom a young and attractive girl was a scurce of the keenest interest, discussed her advent with everything that resembled enthusiasm. Even staid old Judge Henry himself felt that the ranch should do the new school ma'am honor, and toward this end he arranged a dance in the ranch house so that all the neighbors for miles around might come and meet her.

The West had opened a strange new chapter in the life of Mollie Woods. Coming from Vermont, so far eastward, the rough character of the surroundings at first appalled her by their force of contrast to all she had known before. Later, however, she came to adjust herself in a measure to the change; and although the memory of her hazardous ride behind the drunken stage driver and the subsequent overturning of the stage in the river still lingered with harrowing vividness, she was at last really beginning to enjoy herself.

She had felt a thrill of interest in the tall, courteous cowpuncher who had rescued her from the overturned stage coach. His easy air of self-confidence captured her fancy and led her to wonder more about the man and when, if at all, she should see him again. As for the Virginian, he counted the hours in his quiet, reserved way until he should see the little school teacher again. Wonderment as to where she came from and why she was here filled most of his waking hours, as well as the pleasant prospect of knowing her better as time went on.

"Hear the news?" Steve demanded a day or so later. "Judge's gettin' up a dance for the new school ma'am. All us boys are gonna be invited. Oh, say! Will yer waltz me this one, Miss?" And with an explosive "yip-yip!" Steve settled down beside the Virginian in the bunk house.

"I'm glad o' that," the latter said slowly. "It sure shows the right spirit in givin' the little lady the glad hand, thataway. Wonder if she'll dance with you, Steve?" The Virginian's eyes twinkled.

The laughter died out of Steve's countenance and he looked indignant.

"Huh!" he snorted. "I'd like to know why she wouldn't. Ain't I good enough to dance with?"

The Virginian nodded, his eyes still twinkling.

"Sure!" he retorted. "But you don't know her. You ain't—you ain't been introduced."

Steve stared at this, for it was something, evidently, he had not thought of.

"Well," he demanded finally, "what if I ain't? You know her, don't you? You kin introduce me. You will, won't yer?"

"I love you," he said calmly, "and I am going to make you love me."

THE Virginian looked away and then, after a moment of silence, slowly rose to his feet.

"I don't know as I will," he replied slowly, with a grave face, and then strolled off, leaving Steve staring after him with incredulous eyes of unbelief.

Mollie and the Virginian did not meet again before the dance. Work on the range kept the latter busy during the day, while Mollie's preparations for school employed all of her time up until the very evening of the dance that was given in her honor. Hence, their coming together again at the dance was their first meeting since the day he had brought her, helpless and shaken, from the overturned stage coach in the river to the bank beyond. Her last memory had been of his arms held tightly about her and crushing her in against his side and the horse beneath him.

Great preparations had been made for her reception and the long ranch house was aglow with paper lanterns, and the air heavy with the odors of substantial refreshment. Out of doors the great night sky was a huge blue canopy, through which the white stars glittered like points of silver. The cool night air of summer was wine-like in its exhilarating quality and Mollie could not help but feel that the change from Vermont to this, the great West, was not without its compensations.

SHE had arrived early at the ranch and was taken in charge by the Judge's wife Already, however, the wagons were commencing to arrive from neighboring ranches, and the women occupants of these, many of whom bore babies, were busily received and told to feel at home. The babies, of which there were several, were deposited in a room adjoining the dance floor, where the music of the fiddlers, already tuning up, would tend, it was hoped by their parents, to produce a soporific effect.

Outside, under the lights which illuminated dimly the far ends of the corral, Steve met Trampas. The latter, a slender, swarthy man of evil appearance, halted the young cowpuncher on his way to the bunk house.

"Goin' in ter shake a foot, hey?" he asked with an unpleasant laugh.

"You betcha, Trampas," he replied. "Dances don't come along every day, yer know. Comin', ain't you?"

In the darkness Steve could see the head of the older man shake sardonically.

"Oh, no!" he returned. "I ain't a ladies' man. I leave that to that"—he paused, then added with quiet venom—"that Virginian guy."

Steve laughed a little awkwardly, feeling that the allusion to his friend, the Virginian, was not meant in a spirit of good will, yet wishing to pass it off as lightly as possible.

"Oh, say!" he retorted. "He ain't no more a ladies' man than I am; and I ain't any more'n you could be, if you'd only think so."

Trampas laughed shortly—an ugly, sinister laugh, and a moment later the two men parted. Going to the bunk house, Steve spent a half hour in smoothing down his rebellious hair and set forth jauntily for the ranch house where he could hear the fiddles scraping and the sounds of merry-making in progress.

"Oh, Steve!"

He has halted by the familiar hail just as he entered the region of light surrounding the veranda, and the next instant was joined by the Virginian, who came upon him quickly and eagerly.

(*Continued on page* 28)

Where Fan Meets Fan

What Improper Movies Have You Seen?

So much has been written about screen censorship that we should like to know what pictures the fans consider immoral and why. For the best letter on this subject that will not exceed 150 words, we will award a weekly prize of $5.00. Address your letters to FAN CONTEST DEPARTMENT, Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, New York.

This Week's $5.00 Prize Letter

I am taking advantage of your invitation to tell you what I think of the movies. The better type of pictures are a wonderful help toward the education and amusement of the masses, therefore, I say it is a pity when the companies spend money on the coarser type of picture.

Take "Fury" for instance, the only excuse for that picture is that it portrays a boy's love for his father; but when you show the father, a brute and a drunkard, and even show the son obeys him to the extent of committing murder at his request, that is going a little too far. When you show a boy of weak character, a picture of that kind is apt to have a bad effect on the mind of the growing boy.

The picture "Souls for Sale," is spoiled by one disgustingly suggestive scene. While there are many fine scenes in that picture, that one particular scene spoiled it for a good many.

Then, too, there are so many illogical situations. Of course, we all enjoy fairy tales occasionally, but even children tire of them.

ADELAIDE OLDFIELD.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Fan Can Stand "Suggestiveness"

No need to worry about censorship since "Foolish Wives" got by. I am sure the censors are all dead or have quit. I can stand considerable suggestiveness on the screen when it teaches something worthwhile. For instance, although I could not stay through "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," I consider that a marvelous picture and well worth showing in every community. The warning cannot be missed. The acting of John Barrymore cannot be surpassed. But "Foolish Wives" is just bad, bad, without any helpful contrast or suggested remedy. Away with such filth! Give us more "Bachelor Daddies" or "Leading Citizens," or Thomas Meighan, William Farnum or William S. Hart in anything—we always know whatever they are in is worth seeing.

H. NELSON.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Calls "Bella Donna" Immoral

I have seen the picture, "Bella Donna," and I considered it the most immoral picture I have ever seen. It was censored in our city. I happened to see the picture before it was censored.

I think the censors were justified in censoring it, because of the effect such a picture would have on the young men and women.

There are other pictures just as bad in some respects, but none can compare with the scene in "Bella Donna," where she yields to the Turk's ardor.

MRS. J. BERGER.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Lack of Originality Another Evil

The "Daily News" of July 30th, printed under the query, "Are Movies Getting Better or Worse?" the answers of several readers. Everyone seemed to believe that the movies are getting worse. As a constant reader of the Movie Weekly, I would appreciate the opportunity of presenting my own views.

I believe the movies are poorer than they should be because of the selfish views of the producers. They are money-mad, and when in this condition cannot serve the best interests of the public. Instead of having stories written so they can be well presented on the screen, they attempt to adapt books, which have achieved a wide popularity, to the movies. This is a process disapproved by many. The story as presented on the screen, is twisted, and it has become a standing joke among movie fans that an author never recognizes his story on the screen.

Another evil is the lack of originality found among the films of today. Every film seems to deal with divorce and sex problems. If the public does find pleasure in this type of picture, it is but temporary. The plot, and even the moral, is obliterated from the mind of the fan with the dropping of the curtain. Besides originality, the public likes and approves of an ideal, and that human touch so often lacking in the story on the screen.

The author who writes with an ideal in mind is the novice. He is the man more anxious that he acquire fame than money. He is content to build up a reputation, that his money-making may increase with experience.

I would appreciate getting the opinions of other readers.

CHARLES WHITE.

When extremes meet; *Clara Bow*, the *Preferred Pictures* beauty, meets *Mary*, the chimpanzee of the *Selig Zoo*.

Finds Screen Love Too Cool

The films of today are getting farther away from real life, because the love on the screen is getting too cool. I suppose that is realistic, though. The screen lover of today is getting cooler instead of warmer. In real life today I suppose when opposite sexes love each other, they shake hands and sit on chairs with their fingers in their mouths. No, they use real warm love, flowing from the precious spark of life, the heart. So why not make pictures more realistic? Now, I suppose the beauty of the author's work, "Three Weeks," will be chopped to pieces until Elinor Glyn, the author, will not be able to recognize her own work.

When an author carefully works out his plot as the contractor does a house, he does meet his doom. The censor comes along and chops the plot all to pieces and leaves maybe the title to meet with public favor. A fine job, eh? The censors, in my estimation, have cold blood running in their veins, and an ice cold heart which would think it a disgrace to use affection. Love one another! And if you are going to do this, why not love one another on the screen?

MILFORD G. WILLETT.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Meeting My Favorite Star in Person

Years ago, my screen idol was the serious-faced, fun-provoking Charlie. To see the glum countenance break into the sweetest smile I have ever seen, I would go miles and miles. Somehow or other, my interests shifted from the little fellow with the funny walk, to the incomparable Doug.

One day, while visiting a friend of mine in White Plains, I went to the movies. I did so reluctantly, as the only person I cared to see was my idol, Doug. I went, nevertheless. The feature was "Sherlock Holmes'—the star, John Barrymore.

You may call me a silly, unsophisticated, feather-headed goose, to say so, but I fell so desperately in love with John, that I fairly raved over him. Down from the walls came all the pictures of Doug. Poor Doug had fallen from grace. I felt sorry for him, but my new love was overwhelming; it had the weight, the volume and momentum of a Niagara.

One evening, while visiting my friend in White Plains, I expressed myself so warmly about my idol that everyone laughed and thought I was making fun of "star gazers." I felt as though I would have traveled all the way to Hollywood by foot just to meet the wonderful John Barrymore—indeed, just to talk to him.

On my way home, I was so deeply absorbed in thoughts of my idol that I drove my flivver up a street I was not familiar with. As the night was extremely dark, and there were no lights about, I became terribly frightened. I brought the car to a stop. I saw a man coming toward me. I could not recognize his features—I could not tell whether he was a negro or a white man. My heart beat rapidly. Seeing me in trouble, he came to me and took off his hat. I asked him how to get to Purchase. He told me. Just as I started off, I heard someone come up to the stranger, of whom I was dreadfully afraid. Just as my flivver shot forward, I heard the stranger say:

"Good evening, Mr. Barrymore."

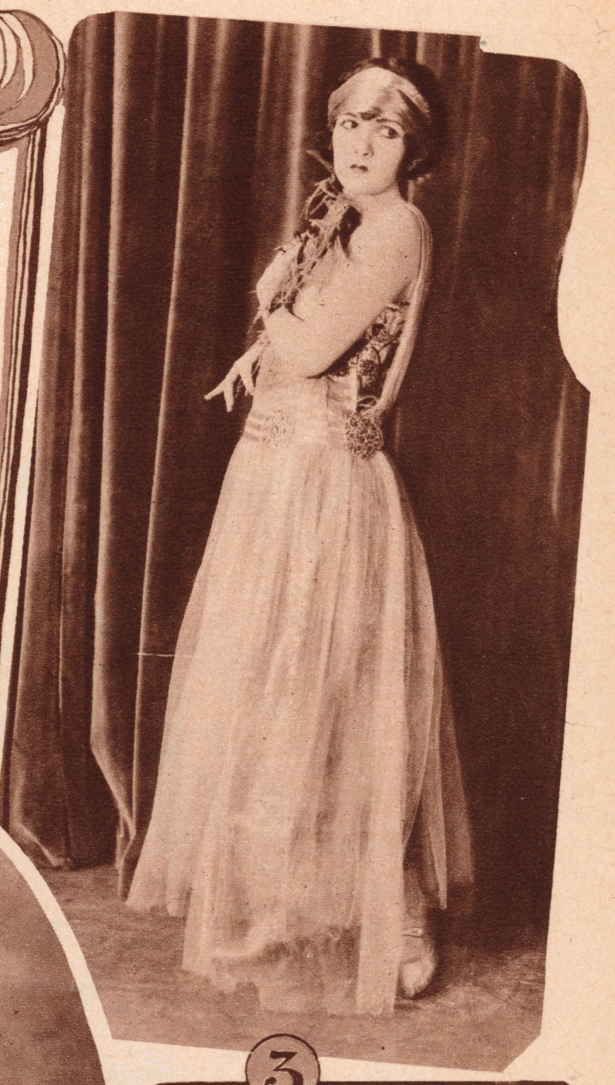
Looking in the phone book, I discovered that the man I so deeply admired actually lived in White Plains. Just to think of it, I had spoken to the man I was willing to meet even if I had to walk all the way to California, and did not know it.

CAROLINE FRAWLEY.

In the SCREEN WORLD of FASHION

Velvet is to be much in vogue for fall and winter, and *Areta Gilman* wears this velvet gown very strikingly in *"The Gold Diggers."* The gown has no waist line, but has a long straight sweep ending in a train. The flaring sleeves are slit and banded with embroidered velvet and fur; the same trimming finishes off the train.

2



1

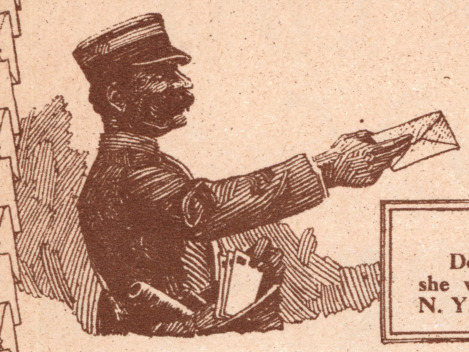
Blanche Sweet is strikingly attired in a sleeveless afternoon gown of black georgette. The full skirt, edged with a band of pink tucks, has loose hip panels, reaching almost to the floor. The armholes and girdle are edged with bachelor button blue taffeta flowers, and a tucked bow of the same taffeta finishes off the pin-tucked girdle at the back.

To complete this costume, *Miss Sweet* wore a black satin picture hat trimmed with bachelor-button blue curled ostriche, and carried a black cut-steel beaded bag with a silver top and chain.

3

CLARENCE BULL

This striking gown was worn by *Carmelita Geraghty* in *"Souls for Sale."* It is of jade green metal cloth and tulle. Silver ribbon and cut-steel buckles form the waistline, while green and silver beads are worked in an intricate design on the bodice. A bandeau of jade green metal cloth and the fan of shaded green coque feathers complete the costume.



Catherine Is in Love with Richard Dix

ARE YOU A MOVIE FAN?

Do you wonder if your favorite screen star is married? Where she was born? Ask the COLONEL, Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, N. Y. C. A stamped, addressed envelope will bring a personal reply.

PEE WEE—So Tom Mix is the only man on the screen whom you like? You are particular, aren't you? Pearl White hasn't made any pictures since she finished her serial, "Plunder," about a year ago. She has practically retired from the screen. No, Edna Murphy is not married.

CATHERINE D.—You're out of luck, I'm afraid, if you're in love with Richard Dix. You've got such a lot of competition. He is twenty-nine. His address is Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood. Allan Forrest is married to Lottie Pickford. Gaston Glass is still single; he lives at the Formosa Apts., Los Angeles. Tom Mix lives at 5841 Carlton Way, Hollywood.

MARIE MERRILL—Why don't the movie people have their names in the Los Angeles phone book? Aha, that's an easy question to answer. Their lives would be much too phonetic if they did. Eugene O'Brien is thirty-nine; his address is 71 Central Park West, New York. Dorothy Dalton just returned from a trip of several months abroad. No, J. Warren Kerrigan is not married. He is thirty-four years old. Gloria Swanson is in her late twenties; no, her little girl does not play in pictures. Bill Hart has announced his return to the screen in "Wild Bill Hickok"; Marguerite Clarke's retirement is permanent, I'm afraid.

KITTY—But, I suppose, you haven't scratched yet. Cullen Landis' address is at present Vitagraph Studio, 1708 Talmadge St., Hollywood. Madge Kennedy lives at 82 Riverside Drive, New York City.

PLAIN JANE—So you think I have a wonderful head, even if it is hidden behind the bushes—or should it be *because* it is hidden behind the bushes. The bushes protect it from those who might wish to hit the nail on my head. Ralph Graves' baby is Ralph, Jr.; he is now with his grandparents. Alice Brady's little boy is about two years old. Eileen Percy is a blonde with grey eyes. She doesn't give her age. Richard Dix was born in St. Paul. Alice Terry was born in Texas. She has auburn hair and grey eyes. She wears a wig in her pictures.

CURIOSITY KILLED THE CAT—Do I think it will kill you, you ask? Well, I don't know—are you a cat? George O'Hara is not married. Three cheers, hurrah, etc.! His address is Robertson-Cole Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood. He is about twenty-four. He has brown hair and eyes.

TEXAS BLUE BONNET—I remember you; where have you been? No, Gaston Glass is not married. He lives at the Formosa Apts., Los Angeles. He is about twenty-six.

R. L.—I should say that Richard Dix is quite the bee's knees where you're concerned. He was born in 1894. He has only been on the screen about three years; he first came to notice in Goldwyn's "Dangerous Curve Ahead."

A BEAUT—So you didn't write even half of your questions yet! Well, I shudder to think what will happen when you really get into action. Jack Mulhall lives at 5857 Harold Way, Hollywood. His latest picture is "Dulcy," opposite Constance Talmadge. I don't know whether he would send you a picture or not. If you send any money for pictures, send it in stamps, or else wrap your coin up to camouflage it in some way, so it won't get lost. A quarter is always enough. Jack Hoxie lives at 1325 N. Hobart Blvd., Hollywood; Art Acord, Universal City, Cal. The bigger the star the less likely he is to send you his photograph free—the big ones can't afford to because their bills for photographs would run into hundreds of thousands of dollars a year. Dick Talmadge is not married, nor is Dorothy Mackaill or Margaret Livingstone. Carmel Myers is divorced from Isadore Kornblum.

Q. T.—You can reach Gareth Hughes out at Hollywood if you have a long enough arm. He is working at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood. Mae Marsh is five feet three inches tall, and has grey eyes and auburn hair.

FRIGO MARTIN—Yes, Ricardo Cortez is Spanish. He has just been playing in pictures a few months.

If you look at *Rosalind Byrnne*, you'll get an eyeful. She plays the flip little *Fabian* flapper in *Warner Fabian's "Flaming Youth,"* which *First National* is producing.

MARIANNA GEORGE RAMON—I can see you're one of these people who go to church every Sunday, judging by the questions you ask about screen players' religions. I don't know what church Ramon Novarro belongs to, nor George O'Hara, either. "Scaramouche" will be released some time this fall. Yes, I think Ramon would send you his photograph for twenty-five cents.

JOYCE JEANNE JEROLMAN—They're fond of j's in your family, aren't they? Gloria Swanson's address is Lasky Studio, Astoria, Long Island. Her little girl is about three years old.

TWO SISTERS—I suppose you have seen the answers to your other questions by now. Pearl White is thirty-four. No, I'm afraid she won't return to the screen. I can't give entire casts here, but the leading roles in "The Village Blacksmith" were played by William Walling, Dave Butler, George Hackathorne, Gordon Griffith, Virginia Valli, and Bessie Love. The leads in "The Marriage Chance" were played by Irene Rich, Alta Allen, Milton Sills and Tully Marshall.

SISTER—I have a lot of inquirers today trying to be a sister to me. Joseph Schildkraut played the part of Chevalier de Vaudrey in "Orphans of the Storm." That is the only picture he has played in, but he will soon make another, in the leading role opposite Norma Talmadge in "Dust of Desire." Mr. Schildkraut is twenty-six and is married to Elise Bartlett. Write him at the Talmadge Studios, 5341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles. I very much doubt if he will send you his picture.

N. M. D.—Nigel Barrie is six feet one; he doesn't give his age. Edward Burns is thirty-one and not quite six feet tall. No, he is not married. "When a Man's a Man" has not been released yet.

G. C. K.—Pauline Garon is nineteen.

SALLY AND IKIE—I wonder what this page would look like without your *nom de plumes!* Ramon Novarro is twenty-four and unmarried. He has black hair. I don't know how old his kid brother Marianno is. Robert Agnew's late pictures are "Prodigal Daughters," "To the Ladies," "Trimmed in Scarlet," "The Spanish Dancer," and "The Call of the Canyon," on which he is now working.

MISS LEONA P.—I bet your pen went dry after writing all those questions! Malcolm MacGregor is twenty-six. He has brown hair and eyes. He was born in Newark, N. J., the son of Austin MacGregor, millionaire clothing manufacturer. His address is Metro Studio, 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood. The first picture in which he played a real part was "The Prisoner of Zenda." After that he appeared in "Broken Chains," "All the Brothers Were Valiant," "Can a Woman Love Twice?" "A Noise in Newboro" and "King Tut," on which he is now working.

INQUISITIVE—Well, after all, inquisitiveness isn't a harmful vice. Harrison Ford is married to Beatrice Prentice, who plays on the stage. Richard Barthelmess' wife, Mary Hay, is also a stage actress; she played in one picture, "Way Down East."

Sincerely Yours
The Colonel

CHIT CHAT

About the Stars

It might seem strange that Eugene O'Brien should carry about a full-fledged English accent in spite of the fact that he was born in Boulder, Colorado, where the accent is anything but English. So Eugene, now on tour in "Steve," saw fit to explain his manner of speech to the Optimists' Club, in Denver, where he was invited to speak. And his explanation, to say the least, was original.

"It was this way," he told the members of the club, "when I was a younger man than I am now, and at the beginning of my—ahem! —career, it happened that most of my engagements were with English companies.

"In order to hold my job, it was necessary that I cultivate an English accent. I have never been able to get rid of it."

A ripple of mirth almost broke out in the audience—but no, Eugene was *not* kidding.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Thomas Meighan was saved a lot of discomfort this year in the cause of "Art." He was scheduled to make a gripping dramatic story called "White Heat"—when suddenly somebody in the production department of Famous Players remembered that the picture was due for release in July.

"And nobody will go into a theatre in July to see a picture called 'White Heat,'" the production manager pointed out. And the argument was invincible.

So something cooling was picked instead, and that is how Tommy happened to make "Homeward Bound," from Peter B. Kyne's story, "The Light to Leeward." It suggests the cool of the sea and is just the thing for hot weather audiences.

While as for Tommy himself, and the rest of the company—instead of broiling among the twelve hours a day steel workers around Pittsburgh, they went up to New London and spent several weeks among yachts, schooners, tanks and rowboats. And if the picture was cool for the audiences, it was cooler yet for the players who made it!

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Trying to have an accident is worse, it seems, than avoiding one. This was discovered by the producers of "Salomy Jane" on location in Boulder Creek, Cal. Vainly George Melford, the director, tried to coax an accident into happening. Not that he was reckless, but an accident was necessary in the making of the picture.

Maurice Flynn, as the man, was being led away by the Vigilantes to be hanged. The party was mounted and, according to the plot, the horse in front of Mr. Flynn was supposed to stumble and fall, thus allowing him to escape. It was a trick horse, but it had a cat-like determination to stay right side up.

Again and again the scene was rehearsed, but every time the horse was urged by its rider to fall down, it made a grotesque movement to right itself that was suitable for a two-reel comedy. Daylight was beginning to fail and so was everybody's patience.

"This is the last try," said Mr. Melford, hopelessly, and the cameras began to click. And suddenly the horse fell as per schedule! The director rushed up to congratulate its rider.

"Wonderful!" he said. "However did you make him do it?"

"Wonderful!" snorted the rider in disgust. "I didn't make him do it—that horse just naturally slipped!"

The Reel Dope

Norma and Constance Talmadge held a christening recently.

They had an informal opening of their new dining room, which was just completed. It is a porch-like room added to their bungalow studio home at the United Studios.

So the christening was most apropos. On the first day the two girls sat down to lunch, Norma spilled the soup on the new table cloth and Constance upset a bottle of catsup on the white window sill.

◈ ◈ ◈

Laurette Taylor will bring "Happiness" to the Metro studios in Hollywood. Preparations are being made for her arrival next month to begin work on the screen version of another of her famous stage plays.

After she finishes "Happiness," Miss Taylor will film still another of her former stage successes, "One Night in Rome."

◈ ◈ ◈

Sometimes a little difficulty arises in making scenes for pictures too realistic. It happened in the filming of "Under the Red Robe," while Gustav Seyffertitz was being flogged for an exterior scene in Stamford, Conn. A passing motorist saw the scene, stopped his car and pushed his way through the crowd to where Seyffertitz hung limply, red welts showing all over his body.

It took some time for the director, Allen Crosland, Alma Rubens, and Seyffertitz himself to impress upon the would-be Samaritan that it was all for the movies.

But the fact remains, that, movies or no movies—a beating is a beating!

◈ ◈ ◈

Oscar Apfel, in directing Viola Dana's "The Social Code," found a novel way of picking a jury of serious-looking men called for by the script of the picture.

He told each of them in turn his favorite story. His idea was that if they refrained from smiling, they were serious enough for his requirements.

Not a single one smiled. But was Mr. Apfel happy? He was not!

What he is worried about now is whether those men are really so serious or whether he is merely a rotten story teller.

◈ ◈ ◈

Norma has learned to dance *A L'Algerienne!*

Under the tutelage of Nancy Jackson, who for years studied the wild dances of the professional dancing girls of the Northern Sahara, Norma has been acquiring remarkable proficiency in the gyrations of the Ouled Nail dancing girls.

The dancing girls of the Sahara are especially skilled. Many of them are daughters of sheiks who go into the oasis to learn the colorful dances which have become famous the world over. For many months they serve an apprenticeship, and at the end of about five years the more beautiful ones have acquired enough gold coins to return to their fathers for their marriages.

In Norma's next picture, she will play the role of one of these semi-civilized dancers, the daughter of a proud sheik, who meets with all sorts of thrilling adventures. The picture is to be called "Dust of Desire."

Evelyn Brent,* famous screen beauty, started something when she appeared at *Long Beach, Cal.* with the monocle and cane. In fact, we might say she raised *Cain. INTERNATIONAL

◈ ◈ ◈

For Constance Talmadge's next picture, "The Dangerous Maid," an entire English village has been built in the Hollywood hills. Overlooking the village on a high knoll, a substantial Norman castle with two round towers and 112 rooms was constructed.

The castle can be seen for miles, and tourists from the East often mistake it for some old Spanish ruin.

The story deals with the turbulent times of King James II of England.

The Virginian

(Continued from page 23)

"Have you met her yet?" Steve demanded, his mind concerned only with the dance he felt he was about to get with the fair newcomer to Medicine Bow.

"Ssh!" the Virginian warned him. "No, I haven't; I've been thinkin' of something else. Here in this room yonder is a whole passel o' babies. Now, I'm bettin' you, Steve, that their own mothers couldn't tell 'em 'cept for the clothes they're wearin'. My idea is to change the clothes on those kids and switch 'em around, and then just await the ruction."

On one of the rare occasions that Steve ever heard him laugh, the Virginian utter a low, repressed chuckle of mirth.

"Good, ain't it?" he inquired

For answer, Steve bent almost double with laughter and reached out trying to slap his tall companion on the back. But the Virginian, mindful of the haste that was necessary if their plan was to be successful, urged his shorter friend into the room where the babies lay and quickly instructed him in the method by which the deception was to be practiced.

Frequent squalls of protest from the infants, who were terrified by the presence of the strange men, alarmed the Virginian and Steve, lest their mothers return unexpectedly in answer to their wails. Nothing of this sort happened, however, while the two men worked with feverish haste and strangled mirth, to effect the exchange of babies. This accomplished, they sought the air of the veranda again, with the satisfaction that comes from work well done.

"Say, now," Steve chuckled, "won't them women be fightin' mad? Won't they jest——"

"Shut up!" the Virginian warned him with a droll smile, as several dancers emerged from the main living room, where the couples were whirling in the mazes of a waltz.

THE prospect now of dancing with the new school teacher was uppermost in Steve's mind, but he waited for the Virginian to take the initiative. The latter slowly made his way into the ranch living room, that was now cleared for dancing, and straight up to Mollie Woods, where she stood surrounded by several women.

"May I have this dance, ma'am?" he asked in his deep, slow voice, and Mollie turned with relief to the man who had rescued her from the river.

"Indeed you may," she answered quickly, and a moment later she was moving gently about in the Virginian's arms, conscious only of the fact that beside him she seemed ridiculously small, and that for a big man he danced remarkably well. No, the West, she thought, wasn't so bad after all.

She found the Virginian a slow talker, whether from habit or from inclination she could not tell, but the silence with him was restful and she felt no particular desire to talk anyway.

"Have you been enjoying yourself, ma'am?" he asked her courteously when the dance had finished and he had led her out on the veranda, ignoring Steve, who stood in the doorway.

"Yes, quite," she told him frankly. "I like it out here; it's so big and restful and quiet."

"It's God's country, ma'am," he answered her solemnly.

She liked him for this—his evident simplicity and worship of the purely natural things. It was an opinion, however, that she was not long to hold; for at this moment a trio of mothers emerged from the dance floor and sought the room adjoining where their infants were quartered.

The Virginian glanced in their direction and his twinkling eyes narrowed. A sudden scream from the room beyond, followed by similar screams from the other women, shook his big shoulders in a paroxysm of silent mirth. Mollie stared at him in bewilderment. Steve vanished.

The next instant, from the door of the room containing the infants, the parents emerged, each crying excitedly that her child had been kidnapped. It served only to make the Virginian's shoulders strangely shake the more. Mollie turned toward the cause of the disturbance.

From the dance floor a stream of ranch folk were pouring to ascertain the cause of the commotion, and it was only after much ercitement and loud lamentation that the mothers were convinced that their little ones were unharmed. Someone merely resorted to the simple expedient of counting the babies. When Mollie looked around for the Virginian again, he was gone.

The dance over, Mollie stayed at the ranch until the following day, when she journeyed into Medicine Bow to take up her quarters in the little cabin that was to be her home.

Following the excitement over the babies the night before she had missed the Virginian, and the subsequent disclosure that the babies had been deliberately changed left her with the sudden suspicion that he might have been implicated in it. In no other way could she fathom his silent laughter. The thought alone made her highly indignant.

Engaged in hanging up some stockings, she had just washed, she did not notice his approach until he stood quite near to her. She turned to find him smiling, hat in hand, and waiting for her to speak.

"I'm sorry to have left you so suddenly last night," he explained, "but I thought best after that baby business that it'd be unhealthy for me if those women found out who did it."

"Did *you* do it?" she asked him evenly, looking him through and through.

He nodded, his face dissolving into a wide smile.

Mollie's eyes blazed with anger.

"Well, then, I think you ought to be ashamed of yourself," she said coldly. "And I never want to see you again. I hate you." And she turned away.

The shock of her speech was visible on the Virginian, but he never wavered under the assault. Instead, his chin squared a trifle and his eyes narrowed in the way that was so characteristic of him.

"I'm sorry, ma'am," he said quietly. "I'm sorry that I offended you, but I love you. I don't mind telling you, and I'm going to make you love me."

(*Continued next week*)

The Girl and the Ghost

(*Continued from page* 5)

"Gee! What under the sun is she doing up here? Say, Skip—she didn't look so mad at first, when she saw us. It was only afterward. Wonder what she's up here for, and how long she's going to stay? And she's a thousand times prettier since when she threw me down, two years ago. I wonder what's she up——"

"There's what for!" replied Skip cruelly. He was pointing at a huge boulder, many feet below them. And what his finger indicated was calculated to burst then and there the suddenly inflated blimp of Bobby's optimism.

Louise had reached the base of the boulder, just as another figure emerged from the shadows which it cast. It was a man, who wore a brilliant green cap. The two were engaged in deep and earnest talk, and the girl was gesturing excitedly as she pointed backward toward where they stood. The man seemed to be endeavoring to quiet her fears. Finally she gave him what appeared to be a packet of papers; they shook hands warmly and parted.

But though Bobby insisted on remaining where they were until the sunset was darkening into dust, Louise did not return their way, nor did her companion appear. It was a somewhat emotionally disturbed Bobby who led the way on up the slope, and a rather nettled Skip who followed him.

As a bachelor, Skip had certain superstitious convictions on the subject of women. He didn't like them around. Inwardly he prophesied trouble.

Fifteen minutes later they had reached the summit of Old Shadrach. Before them, but a hundred yards of bare, needle-carpeted ground beyond, stood the house. In the hastening twilight, foreboding seemed to hover around it like a spirit. It was not ugly enough to be picturesque, nor homely enough to be inviting. No cunning of the architect had been wasted upon it. It was simply an oblong stone building with narrow windows and a stingy front porch. The narrow windows gave it a cowardly air, and its thick doors and massive shutters seemed to accuse the man who built it of being afraid. Yet it seemed in excellent repair; there were decent curtains at all the windows and from the stone chimney curled a thin, wavering smoke.

"Is it inhabited?" inquired Skip, surprised at the smoke.

"Sure!" Bobby answered, striding rapidly across the ground toward the porch. "Uncle Tim has had a housekeeping old couple here for years and every once in a while he took a notion to come up here and spend a few weeks."

Bobby mounted the steps, walked across the resounding porch floor, and fumbling in the gloom which was growing deeper every moment, found an old, rusty knocker, which he beat against the paneling of the door. Skip stood beside him. Many moments passed, but the door was not opened.

Again Bobby knocked, and the echoes of his hammering called from corridor to corridor of the old house. Getting impatient, he knocked almost continuously, until the door was suddenly, quickly jerked back a little way and a face peered out at them.

IT WAS the face of a white-bearded old man with eyes sharp as the points of needles. His face was as brown and gnarled and weather-beaten as a walnut shell.

"Kindly let me in," said Bobby. "I am Robert Culberson, the new owner of this property."

Slam! The door was banged shut in their faces, and they heard shuffling footfalls retreating down the corridor.

"Well! Ain't that a h—l of a note!" exploded Bobby peevishly. "Give me that knocker again!"

Like a woodpecker with delirium tremens, Bobby pounded and thumped and battered and thudded on that old door until his arm was tired. But he might as well have saved his strength. Had he been knocking at the gates of a deaf and dumb asylum he would have met quicker response.

Now it was night; black, mountain night, too early for the stars and moon, and unrelieved by so much as a candle. Bobby was raging.

"My own house!" he flared. "And that old Santa Claus won't let me in. I'll show him!"

Being both inventive and athletic, Bobby had suddenly gotten an idea. Clambering carefully to the top of the porch rail, he reached out and caught the projecting edge of a dimly discerned shutter. To the senile hinges of this he entrusted the full responsibility of his 160 pounds and let go. The hinges, by a marvel, held. Through the gloom he swung, and by dint of great wriggling and gasping, managed to get his feet on the windowsill, and presently he stood erect there, blowing, but triumphant.

Once there, he lost no time. Being of a positive and determined nature, at present intensified by righteous wrath, he lifted his foot and kicked it deliberately through the window pane.

A SHOWER of glass, and a gruff oath from Bobby told Skip that the burglary was accomplished and that Bobby had cut himself. But Bobby was happy. He had found a way into his house when they had tried to keep him out. Reaching through the aperture he had created, he found the lock, and presently the window rose, creaking.

"Come on, Skip!" cried Bobby, and vanished through the window.

Right behind him aviated Skip, borne on the shutter. In another moment he stood beside Bobby, in the cold, damp room as dark as a blot of ink. There was a queer silence in the dark; an uncanny stillness which seemed somehow unnatural. Though they could not deduce it by their senses, both Bobby and Skip felt instinctively there was someone else in the room.

"Got any matches?" whispered Bobby, fumbling in his pockets.

"I've got this!" answered Skip. A wide circle of brilliant light suddenly leaped against the wall before them. It was from a pocket flashlight, held in Skip's hands. Swiftly he flashed its rays around them, until finally he held it steadily upon a remarkable tableau.

Two figures stood in the door at the farther end of the room. One was the old man who had shut the door in their faces. He was a bent, trembling old fellow, but his eyes, which were fixed on them, glittered balefully. One gnarled hand played nervously with the fringe of his whiskers. The other clutched a shotgun.

Beside him stood an old woman, wrapped in a black velvet cape, hooded over her head. She was as brown and as gnarled and as withered as he, but he was thin and she was stout, he was long and she was short. Her pudgy fingers showed through the frayed tips of a red pair of mittens which she rubbed against her skirts.

It was an awkward moment.

"Why didn't you let me in here?" demanded Bobby sternly. "Didn't I tell you this was my house? What are you doing with that gun? What does all this mean?"

A scornful sniff, followed by a snort, came from the old woman. The old man lifted his shotgun.

"I have a revolver in my pocket and my hand is on the trigger. If you move that thing, I'll blow you through the ceiling!"

It was Skip who spoke; Skip, who never told anybody what he was going to do, but stood right there and did it. The result of his threat was immediate.

Clattering to the floor fell the shotgun. After one terrified glance into Skip's face, the old man turned and left the room in three short hops and jumps that would have done credit to a grasshopper. They heard him shuffling rapidly away down the hall. His display of cowardice only incensed the old woman deeper. She wriggled her nose, and raised one mittened hand accusingly.

"May the hag take the both of yew!" she croaked. "No, we wouldn't let yew in—maybe we won't let yew out. You'll see!"

She shook her head until the pouches of her cheeks trembled, and she hobbled off after her husband.

Bobby and Skip found themselves alone in what was evidently a disused parlor. Glimpses of horse-hair furniture and an old melodeon were given them as Skip switched his light about. But Bobby was in no mood to stand and investigate.

"Come on, Skip!" he cried. "Let's find the kitchen. If the old pair won't cook us any meals, we haven't forgot what we learned in the Army!"

"Meals!" breathed Skip. "How delightful that does sound!"

The corrdior into which they emerged was carpetless, unilluminated, bleak, drear. Ghostly doors, all painted white, lined its entire length, on both sides, but when they tried the knobs they found every door locked, and unyielding. So, by the rays of Skip's pocket-lamp, they walked down the hallway, descended a narrow kight of winding stairs and stepped into the first lighted place they had found in the house—the kitchen.

No one was there. Apparently the old couple had disappeared. There was the plain deal table, covered with oil-cloth, in the center of which stood a white china oil lamp, painted over with roses. Plates had been laid for two; there was coffee simmering on a red-hot stove, and sausage lying expectantly in a frying-pan.

"Look here," said Skip. "I think we're being treated like step-children. Let's get these old folks down here and try to come to some sort of understanding."

"Right!" agreed Bobby. "Hey! Old man! I want to talk with you!"

Up and down the stairs and the corridors the echoes of his shouts rang, mocking him like impish children. Again and again he called, but there was no reply. Skip, who had been exploring, returned meanwhile with the information that the back door was wide open.

"I think they have eloped!" he suggested.

However, two hungry young people cannot be expected to worry long about the disappearance of two unfriendly old people. Not when a fairly respectable meal is ready to be cooked and devoured. Skip did the cooking. Both did the devouring. And not once during the meal did they hear or see anything of the ancient pair.

Dinner over, Skip found a blue gingham apron hanging on a nail. He tied the strings around his waist and began carting the dishes to the iron sink. Bobby lit a cigarette.

"Now, what's your plan for tonight?" Skip asked, turning on the hydrant.

"Haven't thought yet. Guess, though, we'll begin looking through a trunk of old papers I happen to know is up in the attic. It has all the story about the horse and the old lady, you know."

"When in Heaven's name are you going to explain that stuff?" complained Skip, searching for a dish-rag.

"Oh, that won't take a minute. You see, this house was built by my grandfather's grandfather. Originally he was a judge in Salem. He used to sentence the Salem witches to death. But one fine day an old woman, who had been accused of putting spells on the horses of the town, cursed him when he sentenced her to death!"

"Cursed him?"

"Yep!" She shook her bony finger at him, and they say she said a lot of strange words. They ducked her in the river until she was dead. But right after that the judge left Salem. Couldn't stand the gaff, I guess. Anyway, he came all the way down here and built this house. And here"—Bobby's voice unconsciously lowered, for the old house was very still—"the legend began. They say that while he lived, the phantom of an old woman on a horse used to ride around the house every night. For years and years she used to gallop around these grounds. And finally—so the story goes—the old judge, in his wig and cape, went out on the porch and stood there, and the old woman beckoned to him. And he walked toward her, and he clambered on the horse with her and they rode away. And they never saw him or ever heard of him afterward."

"Bosh! Where did they get all that?"

"From his diary. That's what I want to hunt in the old trunk for tonight. We might——"

"Hush! What's that?"

Both paused and listened. Both heard the same thing. The scraping of a shoe, a low laugh, and then silence.

Both rushed through the doorway. The stairs stood empty before them. They rushed up into the corridor, looking up and down, but there was nothing but the bleak hallway, empty and deserted in the light of the pocket torch.

(*Continued next week*)

Separate Occasionally—But Not Too Often

(*Continued from page* 19)

I conscientiously refrained from admiring too much.

"The hospitality and open-handedness of the Spanish in every way cannot be overestimated. For instance, when we were working on location in Spain, at a little town called Carmona, the people would loan us rooms in their homes as dressing rooms, if we were working too far away from the hotel to return for change of costumes; and when we were going to work in the mornings, they would come running out of their houses to give us presents, usually of food. There was one particularly sweet and sticky cake, a great dainty there, but very indigestible, with which they plied us, and one had to eat it, right there before their faces and eyes, or their feelings were hurt.

"We worked also in Holland. I do not like the Dutch people. They seem gross to me. The Dutch plays are terribly frank, but everybody goes to see them, even the little children and young girls, and nobody blushes at acts and words that simply could never be thought of on our stage.

"Naturally these Dutch people don't care for our ideals. They cannot understand, for instance, our worship of Mary Pickford as an embodiment of sweetness and purity. They do not care for actresses who haven't huge sex appeal."

Asked whether she wanted to go abroad again, Miss Brent answered:

"Oh, yes. I mean to go with my husband. We haven't really had a honeymoon yet, you see, and I shall love to show him Europe."

Gloria Swanson Analysis

(*Continued from page* 18)

anything that has wounded or disappointed her, and plunge into another environment almost with forgetfulness. But a sense of vague disappointment has nevertheless colored her personality.

Deep as is the instinct for love in her personality, her mind is actually somewhat cold—another contradiction, I grant. Sensitive and quick to resent, there is, nevertheless, nothing revengeful in her make-up. She is one, I would deduce, who can bear pain unflinchingly. She has remarkable physical courage.

Perfect Health Restored to You Absolutely Free

Indigestion, constipation, acidity, weak nerves, weak heart and lungs, dyspepsia, congestion, anemia, rheumatism, nervous exhaustion, hardening of the arteries, high blood pressure and every impotency and weakness absolutely and permanently overcome by this amazing Natural Law—absolutely free.

Nothing to take, nothing to give up, nothing to buy, nothing to actively practice and requires no sacrifice of time.

No exercise, dieting, drugging or conscious deep breathing—you just capitalize this marvelous Natural Law and your troubles and weaknesses leave you—you become master of your weaknesses permanently.

This Natural Law is the greatest regenerator of the human body ever discovered. It yields amazing energy, inexhaustible vitality and nerve-force—a new and superior life in body, brain, nerves and mind.

It does away with doctors, drugs, systems, cures, pills and devices by making nature do the healing.

This Natural Law is unlike anything ever used by human beings. Its discovery is absolutely new and sensational. Thousands already owe their complete restoration to it.

This Marvelous Natural Law prevents weakness and disease of heart, lungs, digestive system, nerves, etc., etc. It also regulates weight.

It is no longer necessary for anyone to remain weak and sick because supreme health and life are absolutely free through this Natural Law.

This Supreme and Natural Law is sent free to anyone above 18 years of age.

ALOIS P. SWOBODA,
1163 Berkeley Bldg., 21 West 44th St.,
New York City.

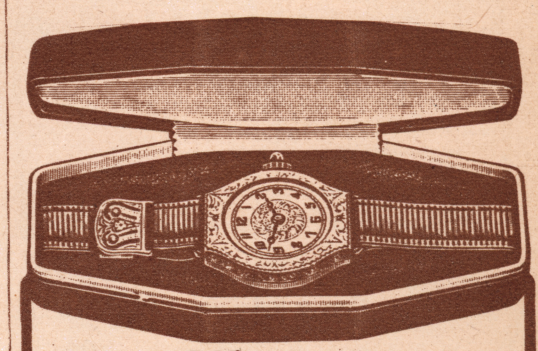
Send me free the Swoboda Natural Law of Supreme Life and Health.

Name.....
(WRITE CLEARLY)

Address.....

City.....

SPECIAL NOTE:
If you send anything to help cover cost of mailing, etc., do not send more than 10 cents. Remember this sensational Natural Law is free.



Only $6.25 for this $20 value

White Gold Wrist Watch

14K white gold-filled case, richly engraved, guaranteed 25 years, latest Tonneau shape, sapphire crown, grosgraine ribbon with white gold-filled clasp. 6 jewel movement. An excellent timekeeper. Comes in beautiful velvet and silk-lined case.

AN IDEAL GIFT

that will make any girl or woman happy. We specialize in this watch exclusively and are in a position to offer it at a price lower than the usual wholesale price. If after receiving and examining this watch, you do not consider it equal to any watch priced up to $20.00 by jewelers, send it back—we will promptly refund amount paid. If you desire we will ship C. O. D., you to pay postman $6.25 plus 18c charges on delivery. *Order now.*

Williams Co., 4750-65 N. Sheridan Road, Chicago

Scanned and Donated to Archive.org from the Collection of Darren Nemeth 2026

Have You An Idea For A Movie Star?
WRITE FOR THE MOVIES
Big Money In It—

Ideas for moving picture plays wanted by producers. Big prices paid for accepted material.

Submit ideas in any form at once for our free examination and advice. Previous experience unnecessary. This is not a school. We have no course, plan, book, system or other instruction matter to sell you. A strictly bona fide service for those who would turn their talents into dollars.

An Interesting Booklet
"THE PHOTOPLAY IN THE MAKING"
Sent free for the asking.

BRISTOL PHOTOPLAY STUDIOS
Suite 602-M Bristol Building New York N Y

EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make $15 to $60 weekly in your spare time writing show cards. No canvassing or soliciting. We instruct you by our new simple Directograph system, pay you cash each week and guarantee you steady work. Write for full particulars and free booklet.

WEST-ANGUS SHOW CARD SERVICE, LIMITED
Authorized Capital $1,250,000.00
206 Colborne Building Toronto, Can.

Superfluous HAIR all GONE

Forever removed by the Mahler Method which kills the hair root without pain or injuries to the skin in the privacy of your own home.
Send today 3 stamps for Free Booklet
D. J. MAHLER CO., 689B Mahler Park, Providence, R. I

MIDGET NAME CARDS
THE LATEST NOVELTY 50c. Per Book

Each book contains 50 perfect little name cards, size 1¾x¾, in genuine leather case. Choice of black, tan, green or red. A perfect name card Name in Old English type. Price complete 50c. Send stamps, coin or money order. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. *Agents Wanted.*
MIDGET CARD SHOP
24 Main Street Greene, R. I.

MAKE MONEY AT HOME

YOU CAN earn $1 to $2 an hour writing show cards at home in your spare time. Quickly and easily learned by our new simple "Instructograph" method. No canvassing or soliciting. We show you how, guarantee you steady work at home, no matter where you live, and pay you cash each week. Full particulars and booklet free. Write to-day.

AMERICAN SHOW CARD SYSTEM LIMITED
Authorized and Fully Paid Capital, One Million Dollars.
64 Adams Bldg. Toronto, Canada.

Moles HOW TO BANISH THEM

A simple, safe home treatment—16 years success in my practice. Moles (also BIG growths) dry up. Write for free booklet giving full particulars
Wm. Davis, M.D., 124 Grove Ave., Woodbridge, N.J.

CLASSIFIED ADS

Correspondence Courses

"Sell us your spare time." You can earn Fifteen to Fifty Dollars weekly writing showcards at home; no canvassing; pleasant, profitable profession; easily, quickly learned by our simple graphic block system; artistic ability unnecessary. We instruct you and supply work. Wilson Methods, Limited. Dept. 111, Toronto, Can.

"WRITE FOR THE MOVIES, PHOTOPLAYS TYPED-REVISED-CRITICIZED. SUBMIT MANUSCRIPT ANY FORM. SEND 50c. FOR SAMPLE FORM. ETC. F. E. EYSTER, P. O. BOX 295, YOUNGSTOWN, O."

The Confessions of a Movie Star's Husband

(*Continued from page* 13)

There on her boudoir couch, her head buried among pillows, lay my beautiful Vivian, sobbing as if her heart would break.

There was something appalling in her tears. There was something delicious in them, also. It had been so long since there had been anything between us even so intimate as tears, that her weeping made me tremulously happy. How I longed to take her in my arms and comfort her. Seized by a sudden impulse, I sat down beside her, and took her tear-stained face between my hands.

"What is it, my darling?" I begged.

But the sobs came more violently.

"Henry," she faltered.

"Tell me all about it," I implored, alarmed at her grief. Never had I known my wife to cry like that.

"Is it true . . . about Alice Brooks and the accident? Was that really you?"

That encouraged me. Then Vivian had seen the paper.

"Why—yes, it's true," I faltered. That was a small lie, but I must confess that I enjoyed playing the hero. There've been so few times in my life when I could.

Her sobs were heavier than ever. They made me want to cry. But, of course, I must maintain my self-respect, and no self-respecting husband can cry right before his wife.

"Oh, Henry," she wailed, "I'm so tired of all this pretense! Acting, acting, acting—that's all my life is now. Last night both Van Zant and Rosenstein told me they loved me. Rosenstein even told me that he would divorce his wife for me. And Alice tells me that for the last ten years he's been divorcing his sick headachy wife for every new star that comes along. It's all this make-believe that I can't bear. There seems to be nothing real, nothing substantial or lasting in my life now. Everyone plays a role. And now, even you. Henry, do you know I never thought you'd look at another woman. Oh, I'm so weary of it all!" she finished despairingly.

Then my resistance gave way, and I was on my knees beside her.

"Vivie, darling, don't you know you're the only woman in the world for me? I love you desperately. You can't know what these months have been without you."

The sobs ceased, and she nestled close to me, like a naughty child.

"Then take me back with you," she begged. "I won't even mind the smoked herring any more."

(*Continued next week*)

Jazz Dancing Full of Sex

(*Continued from page* 21)

drama. The goddess Terpsichore presided over the art and dwelt with the other muses on Parnassus. Art, no matter what its expression, whether sculpture, music, poetry or dancing, should be sexless, or rather should sublimate sex to the purification of the emotions and stimulation of exalted sentiments, which, after all, give rise to the greatest happiness in life.

"Oriental dances, or any other dramatic dances, should be true to life, to be sure; but dancing in those fiery, passionate forms of expression that dominate the Oriental interpretation should not indicate that sex is the basic element in these motions. True, these motions may appear as passion on the surface, but it is passion sublimated to the uses of art, with all the grossness of passion purged away through the dominance of intellect.

"For dancing is as intellectual as any of the other arts! Without intellect, it is a failure. It is intellectual, technical, no matter how spontaneous the final effect.

"Sex does not enter into Spanish dances either. Spanish dancing is filled with all exhilarating joy and fire, but the true Spanish artist or portrayer of Spanish dancing, if he or she be a real artist, is so wrapped up in art that the fervency is all merely artistic."

Kosloff has spent many months, unknown to his world, studying the dances of nations, sometimes in big cities, sometimes in gypsy camps and remote spots of the earth. He went to live in the squalor of a gypsy band in Barcelona, once, so that he could watch the dances of the gypsies and of the Spanish people as well. There he absorbed the spirit of the people as expressed in their dancing. He also lived in the Apache quarter in Paris, studying the wild Apache dance, but this he repudiates as utterly unworthy of the name of art.

And Kosloff says that the quest of sex as pertaining to the Italian, Hungarian, Polish, Scandinavian or other folk or national dance is futile.

"The sum and substance of it all is that sex does not enter into real dancing any more than it does into the spirited game of golf or tennis between men and women who are so wrapped up in the game and its sport, and are so anxious to become more and more proficient, that they would be shocked beyond measure to think that any such thoughts filled the minds of those watching them play."

Then Kosloff turned on his radio set, and we listened—

No, not to sensuous music, not to wild jazz, but to—

A bed-time story!

Wild fellow, that Kosloff!

Play Reviews

(*Continued from page* 15)

responds marvelously to direction. He is even better in "Where the North Begins" than in that other film in which he recently appeared, "Shadows of the North."

Of the human actors, little need be said, for they play in support of the dog.

Speaking of Rin-Tin-Tin, and these two films with similar names, it may be recalled that the animal was loaned by Harry Rapf, representing Warner Brothers, to Universal for one picture. Universal, it is said, immediately put the dog into a film which had a similar title to that planned by Warner Brothers. So Rin-Tin-Tin is at present competing with himself in theatres all over the country.

High Admissions Threaten Happiness of Movie Patrons

(*Continued from page* 9)

print of a certain picture rather than make his patrons pay prohibitive prices, film manufacturers are not very likely to demand rentals which in turn create prohibitive admission charges. In the refusal of your theatre manager to bill this type of picture lies his means of retaining you as his customer!

Now, inasmuch as the vanguard of film fans are those millions of people who live according to reasonable standards of economy, it is highly improbable, and well nigh financially impossible, that they are going to spend dollars they cannot afford for entertainment which became universally popular because of its inexpensiveness. For this reason alone I feel certain that the propaganda in favor of the two-dollar movie will inevitably meet with its just reward—failure. But the safe and the sane thing to do right now is for all of us to make our minds known to those exhibitors we patronize.

It is heartening to know that already a powerful group of exhibitors have united their voices in defense of their patrons, and have served notice upon the producers and exhibitors that they will not aid in the move to promote two-dollar movies. W. A. True, president of the Theatre Owners' Distributing Corporation, states that the future success of exhibitors depends on giving acceptable entertainment at small prices. His organization has taken steps to produce its own pictures in the event national distributors try to force the two-dollar charges upon the public. This is the kind of antagonism that will save the day for the fans and guarantee movie entertainment at reasonable prices. It's your business, reader, to tell your story to the man who takes in your money at the box office.

Who Else Wants a New Head of Hair?

No matter how nearly bald you are—no matter how many kinds of treatment you've tried without results—this method is *guaranteed to grow hair for YOU—or your money will be instantly refunded!* Simply mail the coupon below for free proof.

By Alois Merke, Founder of Merke Institute.

ACTUAL RESULTS

Scores of Other Letters Tell the Same Story

Can't Praise Too Much

"I have been bothered with Dandruff for 20 years and had lost nearly all of my hair. I have used your treatment 30 days now and have a good growth of hair coming in. I cannot say too much in praise of the Merke treatment." (C. H. B.
Parsons, Kansas

Bald for Years

"Kindly allow me to praise and recommend the wonderful Merke Treatment to any one who may be looking for a hair treatment which positively shows quick results. After 7 weeks' treatment a new growth of hair has shown on each side of the temple, where I have been bald for years." C. B.
New York City.

Does Everything Claimed

"Am glad to say I can see such great change in my hair. It is growing longer and my head is full of young hair that has made its way through since I have been using Merke Treatment. I can't say enough for it. It will do everything you claim it to do." Mrs. G. G.
Houston, Tex.

Improvement Daily

"After using the Merke Treatment as per your instructions, my scalp is now showing improvement daily, and I think in time I will have more hair than I had two years ago. I was practically bare on the top, but now it is gradually filling in from the back." S. W.
Attleboro, Mass.

Was Skeptical Once

"I must frankly state I was decidedly skeptical as to your claims for the Merke Treatment, but a faithful use of it for a month has removed all doubt, and three of us are obtaining unbelievable results both in looks and steady growth. It has also worked wonders with the scalp, stopping all dandruff and falling hair." L. W. F.
Chelsea, Mass.

Head Covered With Hair

"I am dropping you a few lines to let you know about your Wonderful Merke Treatment. The top of my head is almost covered with new hair. I have been trying for the last 7 years but never could find anything that could make hair grow until I used your treatment." T. C.
Cleveland, Ohio.

FOLKS wonder how I can make such an amazing offer. No one ever dared to do it before—to guarantee absolutely to grow hair or the treatment costs nothing at all! Here's the answer. Read the letters printed on this page—letters from those who have tried this startling new method. These are just a few of the many that pour into my office every day—letters which show without a shadow of doubt that my home treatment—in the great majority of cases—*positively does grow hair!*

I don't say my treatment will grow hair in every case. There are some cases of baldness that nothing in the world can help. But I've secured such amazing results in so many other cases that I am perfectly willing to have you try my treatment at my risk! And if after 30 days you are not more than delighted with the results—if you cannot actually see a new growth of hair—then all you need to do is to tell me—and without the slightest question I'll mail you a check refunding every bit of your money! *I don't want a cent of your money unless I can actually grow hair on your head—and you are the sole judge of whether or not it grows!*

Entirely New Method.

My treatment is the result of 17 years of experience gained in treating thousands of cases of baldness. This included many long years which I spent in such famous scientific research centers as Heidelberg, Berlin, Paris, Cairo and Geneva. At the Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York, many have paid as high as $500 for the results brought. Yet now—through the Merke Home Treatment—these same results may be secured at home—for just a few cents a day!

My method is entirely different from anything known or used before. There is no massaging—no singeing—no "mange cures"—no unnecessary fuss nor bother of any kind. Yet results are usually noticeable after the very first few treatments.

My treatment proves that a big percentage of baldness, even of years standing, is caused—not by dead hair roots—but by dormant hair roots which now can be awakened and made to grow again. Already scores of men and women who suffered for years from falling hair and partial baldness have acquired a thick healthy growth of hair through this amazing method, which for the first time provides a way of penetrating to the hair roots and furnishing nourishment direct to them. The treatment can be taken in any home in which there is electricity.

Free Booklet Explains Treatment.

If you will merely fill in and mail the coupon I will gladly send you—without cost or obligation—an interesting 32-page booklet describing my treatment in detail.

This booklet contains much helpful information on the care of hair—and in addition shows by actual photographs what my treatment is doing for thousands of others.

If you are bald—or if right now you are merely troubled with falling hair and dandruff—this free book will prove to be of the greatest value to you. So mail the coupon now—and it will be sent you by return mail without cost or obligation.

ALLIED MERKE INSTITUTE, INC.,
Dept. 269, 512 Fifth Avenue, New York City

MORE RESULTS

Bald Spot Growing Smaller

"Concerning the Merke Treatment will advise that it has undoubtedly benefited my hair and scalp. The 'bald spot' seems slowly but surely growing smaller, and Merke Treatment seems to be doing the work." H. C. G.
Baltimore, Md.

Hair Growing Again

"I wouldn't take $70 for your treatment. It was far beyond my expectations. My hair was dead and had no lustre. Now it is restored to its brilliancy and has begun to grow again. Thanks." B. C.
Hillsboro, Tex.

New Hair in 20 Days

"Have been using Merke Treatment 20 days and have received great results. My hair has been falling out for 4 years, and your Treatment has checked it. I had two bald spots on my head where there was not even any fuzz, and there is new hair growing on them now. I wouldn't take $70 for the Merke Treatment. I think it's the best in the world." J. M.
Smackoner, Ark.

Satisfied With Results

"I am satisfied with results. Lots of hair is growing where I was bald. I mean in front where one mostly loses hair first. It was just as bare as the palms of my hands. Now hair is coming again." C. F.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

ALLIED MERKE INSTITUTE, INC.,
Dept. 269, 512 Fifth Ave., New York City

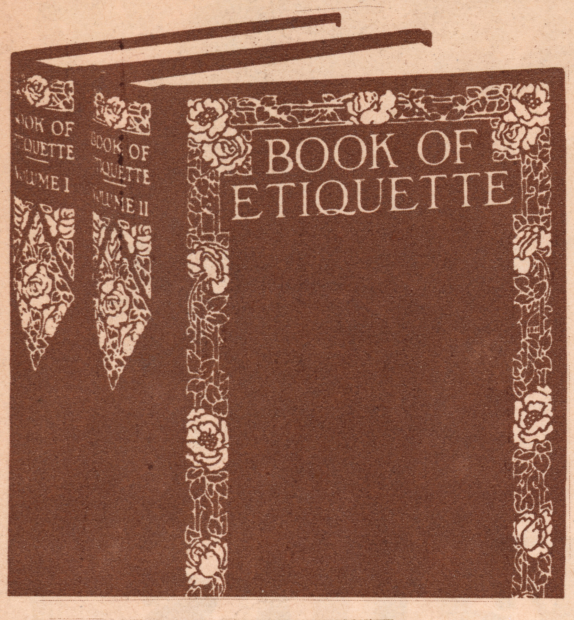
Please send me, without cost, or obligation on my part, a copy of the new booklet describing in detail the Merke Institute Home Treatment.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

A Social Secretary *for Life!*



The Famous Book of Etiquette

Half a Million Sold for $3.50
Rare Short-Time Offer—Only

$1.98
While the Edition Last

AS a special inducement, Nelson Doubleday, Inc., makes the amazing offer to send you the complete original Book of Etiquette at almost half the usual publisher's price!

The same highly fascinating and extremely useful Book of Etiquette for which 500,000 people have paid $3.50. The same original and authentic work which is today solving social problems in half a million homes. Not a word omitted, not a phrase changed. But now, if you act at once, only $1.98.

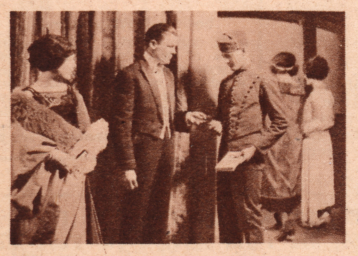
A rare opportunity. You'll grasp it. Thousands will. But only a limited number of the Book of Etiquette will be sold at this special price, and you are therefore urged to act at once.

What to Do—

It is rather late and she does not know whether she should invite him into the house or not. He does not know whether he should ask permission to call, or wait until he is invited. The Book of Etiquette would have told them both exactly what is expected of them. Throughout life, this famous work acts as a guide, a silent "social secretary."

What to Say—

If you have ever been tongue-tied at a party you know how embarrassing it can be not to be able to converse with the other guests, to sit silent, uncomfortable, alone. One of the greatest values of the Book of Etiquette is that it tells you exactly what to say on every occasion—how to become a pleasant and interesting conversationalist.



What to Wear—

They are attending the opera for the first time. With what trepidation they enter—fearful that they have made some error in dress. The Book of Etiquette would have told them exactly what is correct—just as it tells what is correct to wear on all other occasions. A social secretary for life. Be sure to grasp the rare opportunity explained on this page.

Solves Every Social Problem—
Prevents Embarrassing Blunders—
Gives Poise, Ease, *Confidence!*

With the Book of Etiquette as your "social secretary," you need never hesitate to accept an invitation, no matter how formal. You need never fear the embarrassment of conspicuous mistakes. With this famous work to refer to, you will always know just exactly what to do, what to say, what to write, what to wear—on every occasion and under all circumstances.

It is really remarkable what poise and ease the Book of Etiquette gives to those who have been timid and self-conscious. It instantly banishes all doubt—makes you *sure* of yourself. And you find yourself assuming a wonderful new ease of manner, a new confidence in yourself, new dignity and self-possession!

With the Book of Etiquette as your guide, nothing will take you off your guard. You will not be subject to sudden embarrassments. Instead of being hesitant, embarrassed, ill at ease—you will be calm, well-poised. Instead of feeling "out of place" at parties or social functions, you will feel entirely "at home." You will find yourself becoming a better mixer, a more welcome guest. And instead of being "tongue-tied" among strangers, you will find yourself conversing smoothly, naturally, with ease and self-possession!

Complete and Exhaustive

The Book of Etiquette covers every phase of conduct that could possibly interest you. Indeed, it is recognized as one of the most complete, exhaustive and authoritative works of its kind ever published. There are chapters on etiquette at the dance, the wedding, the dinner, the tea, the week-end party, the theatre. There is some valuable information intended for the timid and self-conscious; paragraphs that the bachelor will find useful; information for the business woman and country hostess.

How about it? May we send you *your copy* of the Book of Etiquette? It is quite possible that this may be your last opportunity to secure this famous $3.50 work for $1.98. Why not send off the coupon NOW, while you are thinking of it.

Send No Money

The Coupon Brings It To You

This is your chance to take advantage of a tremendous bargain. Half a million people have paid $3.50 for the Book of Etiquette. Here's your chance to secure the same Book of Etiquette for only $1.98.

We know you won't overlook this unusual chance. Mail the coupon today. No money is necessary. But be sure you get the coupon off at once. The Book of Etiquette will be sent to you in a plain carton, with no identifying marks. Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. 669, Garden City, New York.

USE THIS SPECIAL COUPON

Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. 669,
Garden City, New York.

I am glad to know of the special low-price edition of the Book of Etiquette. You may send me in plain cartoon these two volumes without any money in advance. When they arrive I will give the postman only $1.98 (plus a few cents postage) in full payment—instead of the regular price of $3.50. I am to have the privilege of returning the Book of Etiquette any time within 5 days if I am not delighted with it.

Name.....

Address.....

☐ Check this square if you want these books with the **beautiful full-leather binding** at $2.98 with same return privilege.

(Orders from outside the U. S. are payable $2.44 cash with order. Leather binding, outside U. S., $3.44 cash with order.)

Why Men Stars Are Conceited—Page 7

Movie Weekly

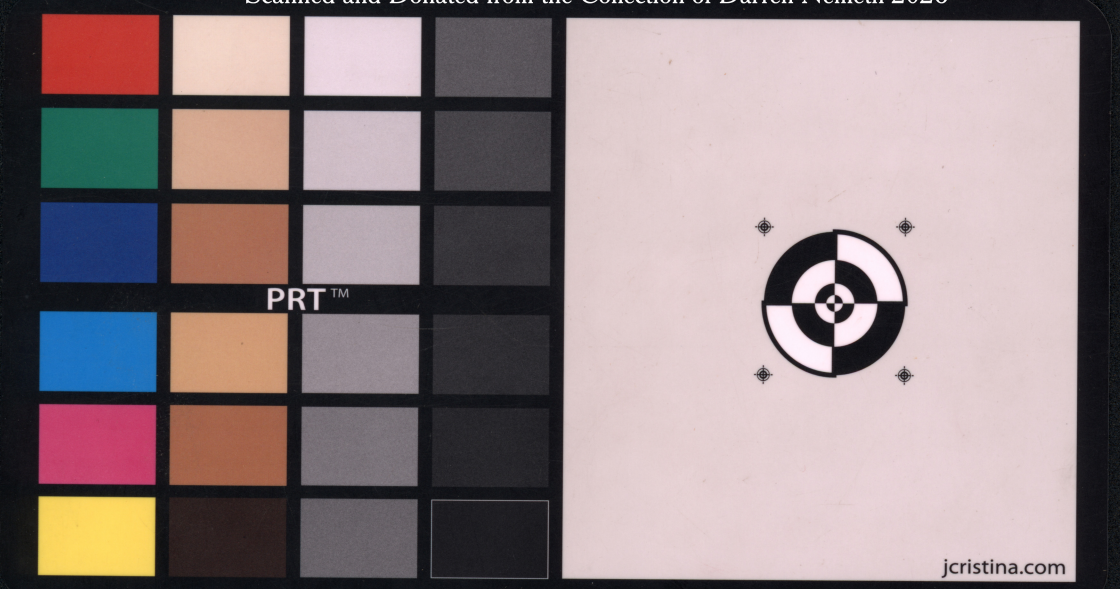
10c

Sept. 29, 1923

Should Happy Married Couples Ever Separate?

Will the Movies soon cost Two Dollars?

Allene Ray

EDWIN BOWER HESSER

Scanned and Donated from the Collection of Darren Nemeth 2026